Saturday Review

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

JULY 4, 1959 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

HOW STORMY WEATHER IS BORN

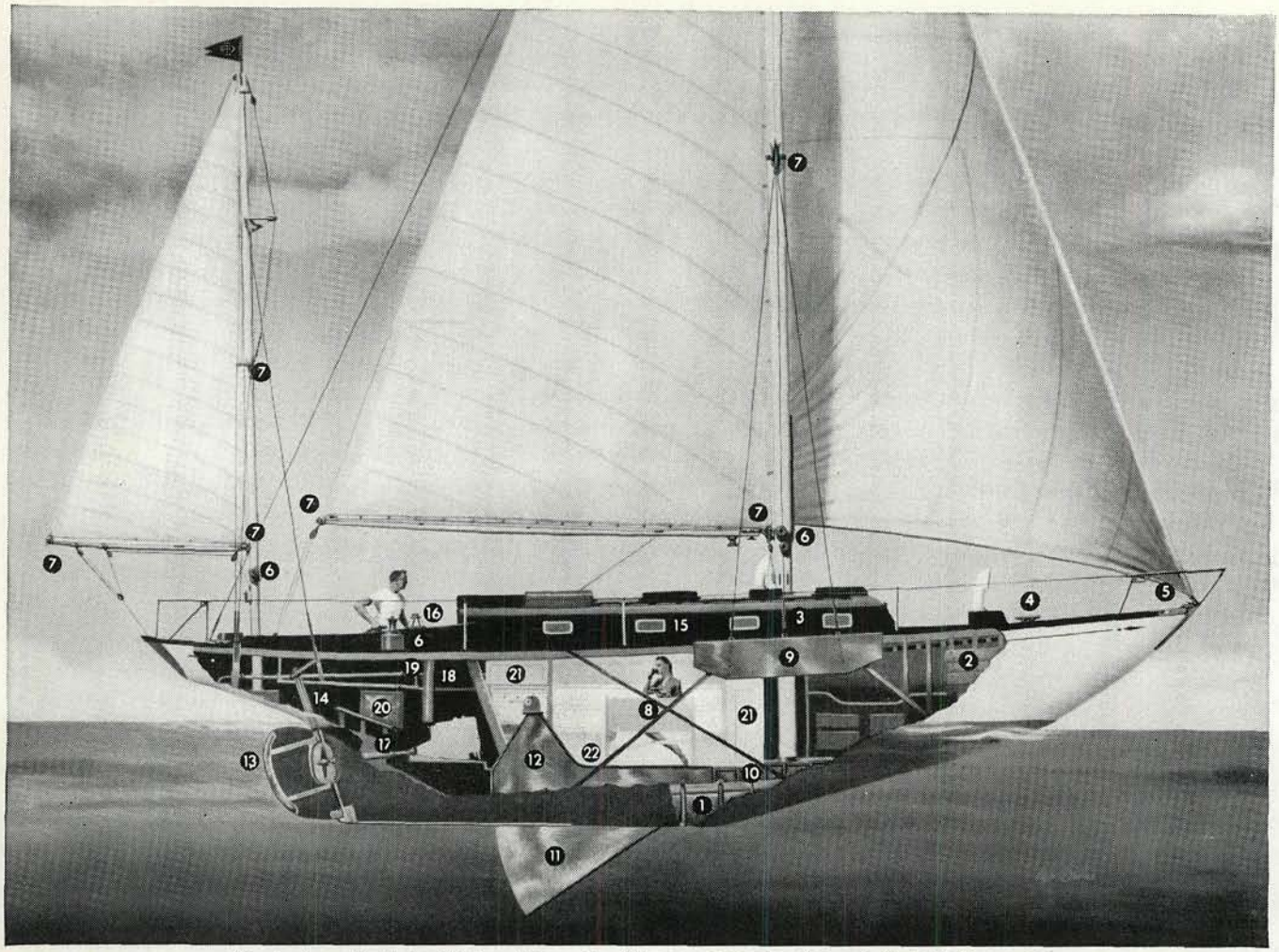
Radar Watches the Actual Conception of Tornadoes And Even Sees the Wind Come Up in a Cloudless Sky

By John Lear

Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge as "Porgy and Bess" (See Movies)

ISRS6S80K7J8A -127-244
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
339 PROSPECT ST
EAST ORANGE N J
SR240787

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keyed cutaway of a Nevins 40-foot yawl shows a few of the many places where Anaconda Marine Metals are used in building fine boats. Designed by Sparkman & Stephens, N. Y. Built by Nevins Yacht Yard, City Island, N. Y.

How metals from Anaconda
make smooth sailing for boatmen
...and all industry

REFERENCE LIST

FASTENINGS: **1** Keel and frame bolts, **2** screws for planking, fittings, and hardware—Everdur.
FITTINGS: **3** turnbuckles, **4** cleats, **5** chocks, **6** winches, **7** all spar fittings—Everdur.
STRUCTURAL: **8** Hull strapping, **9** chain plates, **10** mast step, **11** centerboard and **12** trunk, **13** rudder strapping and fittings—Everdur. Power boat metal parts in slipstream or turbulence—naval brass, manganese bronze or phosphor bronze. **14** Rudder post—Tobin Bronze.
HARDWARE: Hinges, handles, **15** lights, trim, **16** binnacle housing—brass or Everdur.
POWER: **17** Propeller shafting—Tobin Bronze. For high speed, heavy duty—Tempaloy. Fuel line, **18** muffler, **19** exhaust tubing—copper. **20** Fuel tank—tinned copper or tinned Everdur.
MISCELLANEOUS: **21** Plumbing for head and galley—copper tube with brass or bronze fittings. **22** Water tanks—tinned copper or tinned Everdur

Rough water, salt spray, brisk winds—the very elements that make boating the popular and thrilling sport it is—are also a boat's relentless enemies. To withstand the twists and strains of even normal running and to stave off corrosion's attack, metals of many special kinds are required: For instance, Everdur® for fittings and fastenings; Tobin Bronze® and Tempaloy® for propeller shafting.

Because the yawl above contains virtually every important metal part found on any type of pleasure boat, it illustrates the numerous ways these Anaconda Metals make for sound construction and safer boating. The development of marine metals for pleasure, naval, and commercial craft demonstrates just one facet of Anaconda's broad research program in the nonferrous metal field.

If you would like to receive a free copy of our illustrated twenty-page booklet, "Know the Metals in Your Boat," write to Department 4, The Anaconda Company, 25 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y. 59174A

ANACONDA®

PRODUCERS OF: COPPER · ZINC · LEAD · ALUMINUM · SILVER
GOLD · PLATINUM · PALLADIUM · CADMIUM · SELENIUM · TELLURIUM
URANIUM OXIDE · MANGANESE · ARSENIC · BISMUTH · INDIUM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

JULY 4, 1959

Cover Photograph: Samuel Goldwyn Productions

SR/IDEAS

8 The Idea of Freedom: 1959, by Everett Case
22 English as She Is Spoken: A Guest Editorial, by Joseph Wood Krutch
31 How Stormy Weather Is Born, by John Lear

SR/BOOKS

11 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks notes two new novels.
12 Maya: The Riddle and Discovery of a Lost Civilization, by Charles Gallenkamp
13 Five Families, by Oscar Lewis
14 Jean Cocteau: A Salute on His Seventieth Birthday
15 Ossian's Ride, by Fred Hoyle
16 The Dragon's Seed, by Robert S. Elegant
17 War and the Soviet Union, by Herbert S. Dinerstein; Protracted Conflict, by Robert Strausz-Hupé, William R. Kintner, James E. Dougherty, and Alvin J. Cottrell
18 Senator Joe McCarthy, by Richard H. Rovere
19 Kent Cooper and the Associated Press, by Kent Cooper
20 High Tension, by Hugh Baillie
21 The Jury Is Still Out, by Irwin D. Davidson and Richard Gehman. Who Live in Shadow, by Judge John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 First of the Month: Cleveland Amory sums up Spring
5 Trade Winds
6 Chess Corner
7 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1319
15 Literary Crypt
20 Literary I.Q.
23 Letters to the Editor
24 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight covers "Porgy and Bess."
25 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews from London.
26 Booked for Travel: Sutton sleeps where Napoleon slept.
28 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin hears "Tristan" in Vienna.
31 *SR* Research for July

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLII, No. 27. July 4, 1959. Second Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1959 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

About the censorship of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*...

A STATEMENT FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE DECISION OF THE POST OFFICE denying the facilities of the mails to the Grove Press edition of LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER comes as a shock to everyone concerned with the elementary freedoms in our country. We are faced here with Government censorship in its most powerful, most obnoxious form. In effect, a department established to carry the mails has set itself up as a censor and has arrogated to itself the function of telling the public what it may and may not read. The Post Office has chosen to announce this assumption of power in the case of a book which the leading critics and writers of our day have pronounced a major classic of 20th century literature and a work of unassailable moral stature. The literary experts of the Post Office have decided to disregard the opinion of the overwhelming body of literary scholarship to hold up in its place its own vision of what it regards to be "smut." The Post Office is telling us that even though critics, scholars and book reviewers will be able to appreciate the book's great literary and moral value, the rest of us will lack the discernment to come to the same conclusion.

The Post Office ban, in addition to defying literary and scholarly opinion, also flies in the face of public protests by leading newspapers in the country which, in their editorials, have taken the Post Office to task for this insult to the public's intelligence. Now that the Post Office has placed its official stamp of approval on the ban, fundamental issues of freedom under the Constitution have been raised. These issues are of vital concern to all citizens who refuse to have their reading and thinking controlled for them by Post Office censors.

The Supreme Court has held that all works of literary, social and philosophical significance are protected from Government interference under the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. That LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER is such a work has become a fact of literary history which even the Post Office has been unable to contest. There can be little doubt that the Post Office action will be held illegal by the Courts, and Grove Press through its counsels is taking immediate steps to obtain a reversal of the Post Office decision.

— BARNEY ROSSET, *Grove Press*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

AS SPRING went into summer there was a lot of news, although not all of it was new. Old-time boaters were out in full force on Fifth Avenue and Wall Street (although brims were narrower) and shorts were also in evidence (although, horribly enough, Bermudas still carried the day). "Any man," said Eugenia Sheppard, "who wolf whistles at a girl in Bermuda shorts is a candidate for psychiatry." The "won't-do" Congress decided that Lewis Strauss (pronounced like the hats) didn't, and out in Cincinnati the short Reds (who in controversial days had to be renamed the long Redlegs) were now, once again, the Reds. Down in Havana, Fidel Castro's government announced a plan to tax anyone whose name appeared on the society page $1—plus $1 for every adjective describing the person. The tax was defeated. Obviously, nowadays there is no such thing as Society without adjectives.

• • •

On the honorary degree front, there was an award from Wilberforce University in Ohio (237 students, thirty-three teachers) to Billy Rose. Billy turned down doctor of laws, doctor of science and doctor of humanities, but finally took doctor of fine arts. "I've been collecting works of art for many years," he said, "and I'm fat-headed enough to think I know more about art than most of the generals and politicians who have been awarded this degree." Then, too, there was an award by Quincy College in Quincy, Illinois, to Louella Parsons of Hollywood. The award was "doctor of letters" and Dr. Parsons's citation read that "through her keen insight into human nature she has guided public opinion as the pioneer journalist of today's entertainment industry." We read that the college, founded by the Franciscan Friars, had, in its 100-year history, awarded only seven honorary degrees. Understandably curious as to who on earth the others could have been, we called Quincy College long distance. Unfortunately, we called at dinner time, and the Quincy operator told us that the Friars didn't answer their phone at dinner time. Later we called again and spoke with both a Brother Eustace and a Brother Donald (the head of Quincy, Father Woods, had gone to Chicago). They told us that Quincy had over 700 students and every sport except football. They also told us that they had a national golf tournament going on right when we called. For eighty-three years, they said, Quincy had awarded no honorary degrees at all, but the report that they had awarded only seven was exaggerated. Since 1943, Quincy has awarded eleven degrees—to Judge Garner, a local lawyer; Paul Brower, a local manufacturer; Sidney Delove, of the Cook County Savings Association; Robert McLoughlin, president of the Board of Commissioners; Archbishop William O'Brien, auxiliary bishop of Chicago; Augustine Sepinski, head of the Franciscan Order; Father William Powers, Chaplain in the Air Force; Nate Gross, a Chicago columnist; Senator Kennedy; Bob Hope, and now Louella. Somehow we think it would be easier to just say the hell with it—and play football.

• • •

On June 26, with Hugh Baillie, former U.P. head [*see page 20*] and Lee Remick as guests, Mr. Edward R. Murrow concluded six years and exactly 500 visits on the Person to Person show. It signified something of a landmark in TV history. Next year Mr. Murrow will take a leave of absence, and his co-producers, Jesse Zousmer and John Aaron, are also shutting up shop. Contrary to popular belief, the show has personed more persons *not* in show business than in it, although, as Murrow himself pointed out to us, people are inclined to remember only the show-business names. "If for every million people who watched a Hollywood star," he told us, "I got one kid to practise the piano or the violin a little harder—and try to be a Van Cliburn or a Menuhin—then I'll feel the program was a success." To Murrow's mind, some of the most memorable moments on the show were Thomas Hart Benton on modern art ("I really think that the artist has all of this century tended to run away from any kind of meaning. He's also running away from the training which would have made it possible for him to communicate meanings"); Dr. Howard Rusk recalling President Syngman Rhee telling him in 1952 ("Peace, Peace! I am sick of the word 'peace'—I want to hear more about justice. If you have justice, then peace will come"); pianist Roger Williams ("You know, intolerance to me is like just playing on the white keys, because for the sort of music that I believe in and love, I've got to play on all the keys"); and photographer Yousuf Karsh telling of an overzealous reporter who approached the late Albert Einstein ('Now we have the hydrogen bomb. Supposing we decide to use it on each other. What then?' Einstein replied with the innocence of a child, 'Alas, we would no longer be able to listen to the music of Mozart.' ").

• • •

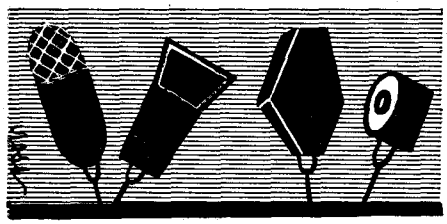
The program started on October 3, 1953, with Leopold Stokowski and Gloria Vanderbilt (then happily married) on one part, and on the other Roy Campanella, who that very day had hit the home run that won the third game of the World Series against the Yankees. Roy was on again after his accident—the only person to appear twice in P.-P. history. The only person to appear for a whole half hour (although many asked to do so) was former President Truman and Bess, who, in one of Murrow's rare absences, were interviewed by Margaret. Incidentally, the Trumans, père, mère and fille, placed third in the all-time high rating of listeners. First was Elizabeth Taylor and the late Mike Todd, who were paired with Columbia's Mark Van Doren and scored 36,000,000. Second was Marilyn Monroe (then in between Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller and not married to *anybody*) and Sir Thomas Beecham (33,000,000). As a matter of fact, Person to Person has always specialized in odd combinations. Mohammed Ali and Martha Raye, Dr. James B. Conant and Dick Clark, Archbishop Cushing and David Sarnoff, etc. Once indeed they had Marlon Brando, who had just won the Oscar for acting, paired with Dr. Clarence Pickett, head of the Quakers, who had recently won the Nobel Peace Prize. Before the show neither person had, incredibly enough, heard of the other. But the most amazing case of all was undoubtedly Dean Shotwell, the expert on International Relations. Before the show Murrow told the Dean he wanted to ask him his opinion of TV (it was early in the show's history) but Shotwell said he had never seen either Person to Person or *any* TV. Murrow promptly sent him a set. Unfortunately it did not work well and Shotwell spent the day before the show watching lines and criss-crosses. He thought *that* was TV.

Murrow himself, along with Zousmer and Aaron, were entirely responsible for the choices ("The best way not to get on," they agreed, "had been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to try to.") Although Person to Person does not pay for appearances (Milton Berle was the longest holdout), it has admitted, for obvious reasons, to no refusals. It is also obvious that certain personages, notably the King and Queen of England, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, Greta Garbo, etc., have been unavailable (although the Archbishop of Canterbury was all set to go when illness forced cancellation). Murrow believed that as a guest in the house he should not quarrel or answer back no matter what was said—and that this was perhaps not only responsible for the fact no untoward incidents occurred on the show but also for the fact that he was often criticized for being too phlegmatic. However, as anyone who has been on the show will tell you, Murrow's calm voice (you do not see him, only hear him) was the only reassuring thing in a lost world of 95-degree heat (due to the lights), five cameras and some forty technicians (easily the most polite, competent and best-mannered in the business). So nervous-making is the whole procedure (which is not rehearsed, and Murrow has no idea what will be said) that one experienced show-business figure became so upset he forgot the name of his wife. Another, none other than Groucho Marx, when asked where he met his wife, replied that he had picked her up on a train. Besides being reassuring, Murrow's control was also awe-inspiring. Interviewing Krishna Menon, Murrow asked if he attended many social functions given by the U.N. Menon replied that he went to every one to which he was asked, then, out of the blue, said, "You have never asked me, have you?" Since Menon had dined at Murrow's house just two nights before, Murrow had almost a physical reaction, but never lost aplomb. His next question, however, was a masterpiece. "How did you ever," he asked quietly, "get to be a diplomat in the first place?"

For our own part, our most memorable moment came as the last technician late that night (the rooms are entirely restored by the program) was preparing to leave, and in a perhaps over-bonhommous way (in keeping with our belief that we were now world-famous) we, if anything, overdid our last farewells. At the door, the technician shook our hand warmly. "We've enjoyed it, too," he said. "Good night, Mr. Avery."

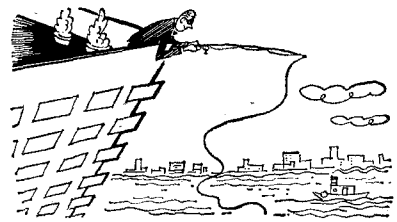


TRADE Winds

YOU MIGHT NOT have noticed it, but everybody is getting everything mixed up these days. Actors are becoming writers, writers are becoming actors. Supermarkets are holding autographing parties, and books are being recorded instead of written, as the Academic Recording Institute will certify. Swank Sutton Place apartment houses are being used as fishing piers, and a fiery middle-ager has become the chief spokesman for the young Beat Generation. Grammar is making a comeback, and, according to Mrs. Regina Sauro, the Friendly Grandmothers' Club of Niagara Falls has been meeting at the home of Mrs. Harold Argue.

We trust that all of this is just a stimulating cross-roughing to brighten up the contemporary scene.

ROGER GIMBEL, THE DAUNTLESS NBC executive, has been fishing out of his eighteenth-floor window on Sutton Place for some time now, and sooner or later hopes to land an eel. This



requires no little amount of line, and makes a dent in his own shrimp cocktail or lobster salad, either of which is used for bait. Eels, incidentally, are very popular along the East River, and there is an active eel fishermen's society operating in the East Eighties in the Yorkville section.

AND JUST TO PROVE that the medical profession is not the final word on all cases, Dr. Tigani El Mahi, the highly regarded Sudanese psychiatrist, is frank to admit that he sometimes refers some of his cases to witch doctors.

RETURNING FROM a visit to Los Angeles, Bill Eyerly, of Westport, Connecticut, reports a gnarled situation in a restaurant there:

"They have a real problem: they want a fire burning in their fireplace for atmosphere, so they have to turn their air conditioning up full blast to prevent the customers from being roasted alive."

BRUCE CATTON, the wise and informed Civil War man, denies emphatically that he's writing a book about the blazing battle between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* called "Catton a Hot Tin Roof."

CONFUSION REIGNED recently during the filming of a low-budget motion picture, where economy was obligatory. In the final scene, the most expensive set—an elaborate mansion—was to be burned to the ground. It failed to burn dramatically enough, and finally a technician discovered thousands of feet of old film, which burned brilliantly and saved the scene.

This footage, of course, turned out to be the original negative of almost the entire picture.

ANOTHER MIX-UP overheard recently at the Ladies' Dining Room at the Yale Club. Two ladies at lunch went through this illuminating conversation piece:

"I'm going to see Helen Hayes on Saturday."

"In 'Touch of a Poet'?"

"No—in person."

ETHAN ALLEN NEVIN writes from Philadelphia to clear up any further problems in cigarette advertising.

"The advertisers can simply get Socrates to endorse their brand, toasting them with a goblet, recommending a thinking man's philtre."

THERE IS GREAT CONFUSION abroad again in the U. S. Customs Court. By outmoded law, the court has been forced to declare an original mosaic by Picasso as "an object made of colored glass," and not a work of art.

Since this can mean the difference between 30 per cent duty and none, purchaser Margaret Silberman is fighting it out toe to toe with the Customs Department, which oddly enough, is in sympathy with her plight.

"We're mainly trying to prove that a piece of art doesn't depend on what it's made of," said Mrs. Silberman.

ONE PROBLEM in talking with James Thurber for a couple of hours is that the conversation gets so interesting that you're likely to forget to take notes.

In Costello's worthy Third Avenue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

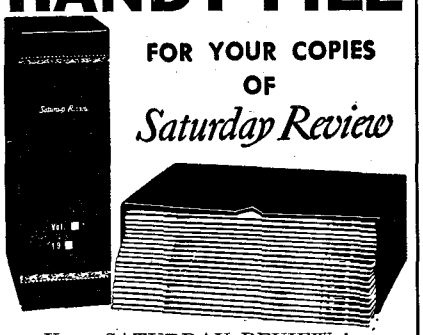
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • Ci 6-4600

AUDREY HEPBURN
In FRED ZINNEMANN'S
Production of
"THE NUN'S STORY"
Co-Starring
PETER FINCH • DAME EDITH EVANS
DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT • DEAN JAGGER
with
MILDRED DUNNOCK
Screenplay by Robert Anderson
From the Book by Kathryn C. Hulme
Music Composed and Conducted by
Franz Waxman
Produced by
Henry Blanke
Directed by
Fred Zinnemann
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
in TECHNICOLOR

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"BONANZA"
exciting Americana extravaganza . . . featuring famed Dartmouth Glee Club . . . Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, specialty acts and Symphony Orchestra . . . climaxing in Alaskan "Gold Rush" scene with thrilling fire effects in "Burning of Nome" spectacle.

"DAZZLING DELIGHT!"
—WALTER WINCHELL
FLOWER DRUM SONG
THE NEW MUSICAL
Air-cond. ST. JAMES, W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HANDY FILE



FOR YOUR COPIES OF
Saturday Review

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for S.R.
- Holds 26 copies

$2.50 each, postpaid
(3 for $7.00, or 6 for $13.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied
ORDER DIRECT FROM:
JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

pub, the author of "The Years with Ross" (Little, Brown) spoke of many things. One special item: The original draft of the Walter Mitty manuscript contained an entire scene concerning Ernest Hemingway. Helen, Thurber's wife, insisted that it be cut because it contained a wholly contemporary reference and she felt that the story would outlast the contemporary scene. After considerable argument, Helen won.

Regarding the Beat Generation, Thurber had little to say. But what he did say was brief and to the point.

"I don't think they really go in for Zen Buddhism," he said. "Actually, it's Sin Nudism."

ON THE OTHER HAND, Lawrence Lipton, new spokesman for the Beats in "The Holy Barbarians" (Messner), is quick to insist that they are "the conscience of the world."

"Look, man," he told us backstage at the Jack Paar show, "let me give it to you straight. If you want to be with it, you have to do everything opposite from what the Square does.

The Beat pads are full of Holy Clowns who are out to shock the world out of its materialism. You've got to swing with that idea, or you're still in Squareville."

FRED ASTAIRE, every bit as delightful in person as he is on the screen, still doesn't feel he can clarify the persistent question: Who is your favorite dancing partner?

"They all have had very special talents, and each one is a little different," he said.

His new autobiography, "Steps in Time" (Harper), creates a charming portrait of show business over the last few decades.

SAM GRUBB, THE TRAVEL man, was able to clarify a confused time problem in the travel area.

He had just returned from a trip to Paris, and we asked him how long he had been there.

"Four nights and one day," he said.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1318)

FREYRE:
NEW WORLD IN THE TROPICS

Modern Brazilians have rediscovered values in tropical art, hygiene, and town-planning which, though known by ancient peoples, had not formerly been recognized by Europeans or Anglo-Americans in their attempts to develop tropical areas.

Chess Corner—18

OVER-THE-BOARD is usually the way chess is conducted. There are, however, many other ways of exchanging moves: telephone, wire, cable, and radio are all methods of communication. And chess-by-mail, often called postal chess, rates about 10,000 games a year in the United States.

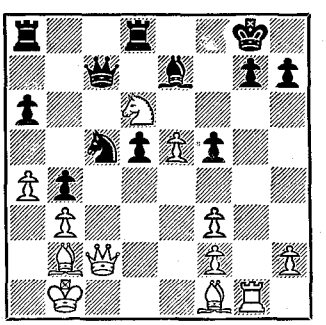
The laws of chess govern these games, augmented by special rules and regulations applicable to the method employed, such as time limit. Seventy-two hours is the usual allotment per move in postal chess. It would seem, then, that all games should be four-star masterpieces. For how is it possible to commit crass blunders under these circumstances? Yet, even here, the mental aberration, or the *lapsus manus*, takes its toll, not to mention simple debility.

Every so often, however, a sparkling brilliancy is produced equal to the finest of the fine. Below is such a game played in a British correspondence league. A direct attack on the King counters the Queen.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT ACCEPTED

	L. Alexander (White)		R. H. Rushton (Black)	
1	P-Q4	P-Q4	13 P-N3	O-O
2	P-QB4	PxP	14 B-N2	N-Q4
3	N-KB3	P-QR3	15 N-B4	B-K2
4	P-K3	B-N5	16 P-K4	N-B5
5	BxP	P-K3	17 O-O-O	Q-B2
6	Q-N3	BxN	18 B-B1	KR-QB1
7	PxB	P-QN4	19 R-N1	P-B3
8	B-K2	P-QB4	20 R-Q2	N-B4
9	P-QR4	P-N5	21 K-N1	R-Q1
10	PxP	BxP	22 P-K5!	P-B4
11	N-Q2	N-KB3	23 N-Q6	N-Q4
12	Q-B2	QN-Q2	24 RxN!	PxR

BLACK



WHITE

25 B-B4! Q-B3

If 25 . . . PxB 26 QxPch with a smothered mate: . . . K-R1 27 N-B7ch, K-N1 28 N-R6ch, K-R1 29 Q-N8ch, RxQ 30 N-B7.

26	QxP!	R-KB1	28 RxPch KxR
27	BxPch	QxB	29 P-K6ch B-B3
	30 QxQ		Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1319

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Followed by Word B, sentimental novel by Myrtle Reed, 1906. (Title from a poem by Helen Hunt Jackson.)	98 128 85 52 139 63 183
B. See Word A (3 wds.).	179 165 14 64 126 43 6 187
C. Following "Victoria," the second largest b dy of fresh water on Earth.	11 188 68 160 71 131
D. Intrigue.	1 124 40 61 110
E. Tiny creatures who commit mass suicide compulsively.	123 16 25 193 49 73 180 94
F. Italian composer who completed Puccini's unfinished "Turandot."	55 41 81 111 156 5
G. Greatest ruler of Russia in the Kievan period, 11th cent., called "The Wise."	91 186 3 38 168 127 175 154
H. Restoring.	149 42 17 72 50 28 4 137 10
I. In heraldry, representations of the 12th to 14th-cent. sleeve.	39 113 191 185 15 159 53
J. See Word T.	109 74 146 120 23 60 12 29 56
K. Specifying the one seat nobody enjoys occupying.	65 181 86 115 172 145 27
L. Establishment for the care of the aged or convalescent (2 wds.).	34 158 178 20 105 70 62 102
M. About to undergo a crucial trial (3 wds.).	89 26 21 129 155 132 36 161 59
N. Bewitched in Pennsylvania.	96 136 170 182 69
O. Describing something, esp. if undesirable, which persists without discovery.	31 101 125 153 93 138 19 135 164 37
P. At bridge, to trump small cards of a suit till the adversaries' high cards are gone (2 wds.).	112 190 151 67 58 142 24
Q. Establishment for the sale of secondhand articles, often for charity (2 wds.).	76 171 48 169 141 82 13 121 150 87
R. American sugar refiner, 19th cent. magnate.	22 45 163 194 147 35 83 78 90
S. French diplomat and marshal, father of Cinq-Mars (1581-1632).	108 79 30 122 51 8
T. Followed by Word J, a fine magazine for young people founded in 1827, whose roster of writers included Kipling, RLS, TR, Whittier, and others.	167 116 2 157 133 184
U. A scented pad to be laid among garments.	144 134 54 9 162 44
V. Pertaining to equal rainfall.	130 32 189 77 177 47 166 18 66
W. Aphoristic poet.	100 117 92 46 118 152 104
X. Bearer or writer of tidings.	119 106 95 84 174 192 57
Y. To make wreaths.	148 176 140 173 99 7 114
Z. The exquisite Chinese prince in "The Yellow Jacket," 1912.	107 88 33 75 97 103 80 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 D	2 T	3 G	4 H	5 F	6 B	7 Y		8 S	9 U	10 H	11 C		12 J	13 Q
	14 B	15 I	16 E		17 H	18 V	19 O	20 L		21 M	22 R	23 J	24 P		25 E	26 M
27 K	28 H		29 J	30 S		31 O	32 V		33 Z	34 L	35 R	36 M	37 O	38 G	39 I	–
40 D	41 F	42 H	43 B	44 U		45 R	46 W	47 V	48 Q	49 E	50 H	51 S	52 A	53 I		54 U
55 F	56 J	57 X	58 P	59 M		60 J	61 D	62 L	63 A		64 B	65 K	66 V	67 P		68 C
	69 N	70 L	71 C	72 H	73 E		74 J	75 Z		76 Q	77 V	78 R		79 S	80 Z	81 F
82 Q	83 R	–	84 X	85 A	86 K		87 Q	88 Z	89 M	90 R	91 G	92 W	93 O	94 E		95 X
96 N	97 Z		98 A	99 Y	100 W	101 O	102 L	103 Z		104 W	105 L	106 X		107 Z	108 S	109 J
110 D	111 F	112 P	113 I	114 Y	115 K	116 T	117 W		118 W	119 X		120 J	121 Q	122 S	123 E	124 D
125 O	126 B	127 G	128 A	129 M	130 V	131 C		132 M	133 T	134 U	135 O		136 N	137 H	138 O	139 A
140 Y	141 Q	142 P	143 Z		144 U	145 K	146 J	147 R	148 Y	149 H		150 Q	151 P		152 W	153 O
154 G	155 M	156 F	157 T	158 L	159 I	160 C		161 M	162 U	163 R	164 O	165 B	166 V	167 T	–	168 G
169 Q	170 N		171 Q	172 K	173 Y		174 X	175 G	176 Y	177 V		178 L	179 B	180 E	181 K	182 N
183 A	184 T		185 I	186 G	187 B		188 C	189 V	190 P		191 I	192 X	193 E	194 R		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

JULY 4, 1959

THE IDEA OF FREEDOM: 1959

Freedom—that sprawling, restlessly alive force in man—can undergo many changes from its revolutionary and violent conception. In the following article, Everett Case, President of Colgate University, examines modern freedom and some of its alterations. Dr. Case, a former consultant to the State Department, adapted the article from a speech he made before the Phi Kappa Society of Colgate.

By EVERETT CASE

IN "EREWHON," that celebrated satire, Samuel Butler neatly ridicules the notion that the people put a higher value upon their intellectual and spiritual currency than on pounds, shillings, and pence. I contend nevertheless that debasement of the dollar is not the *most* disturbing aspect of our postwar world. Even more serious is the current disposition, at home and abroad, to question the intrinsic value of the ideas and propositions that have nourished the American spirit from the beginning.

Take the idea of freedom. If one were to undertake a book on these United States as a case study of the free society, his point of departure would obviously be this concept. Is this another victim of inflation?

The question is worth pursuing. For one thing, the concept of freedom has become as familiar to us as an old hat or a new Ford. How can anything we take so much for granted, as part of the natural order of things, be at the same time the explosive and revolutionary force that we are told this is?

Reading the history of the Renaissance, we can, of course, perceive the subversive impact on church and state of doctrines like the liberty of conscience or the natural rights of man. Again we know that documents like our Declaration of Independence had their impact in time as well as space. But perhaps we can best grasp the nature of the concept of freedom if we view it as a kind of nuclear explosion in the mind and spirit, touching off a revolutionary chain reaction that is by no means spent.

Once let the doctrine of the divine right of kings be challenged by the individual's claim to freedom and autonomy, and nowhere is the established order safe. The fires of revolt threaten the ecclesiastical domain; the political revolution becomes economic and social; art and literature are transformed; and Galileo and Copernicus become the martyrs of the new republic of science, which in due course is destined to split the atom.

But if the discovery and colonization of America were in a sense by-products of these revolutionary forces, the new world offered the latter not only a refuge but a continental opportunity, virtually devoid of interests vested in the status quo. Thus the capital and labor as well as the technical, legal and managerial ingenuity, required for the exploitation and development of America's vast resources were supplied and constantly replenished by the extraordinary release of individual energies, which constituted the common denominator of all these revolutions.

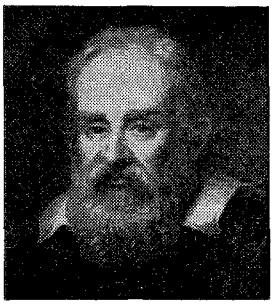
UNDISCIPLINED freedom, however, quickly becomes anarchy and so, as a people, we found it necessary to impose certain curbs upon our political and industrial revolutions, which are epitomized in the concept of *liberty under law*. Much of our history, and hence a great part of the case study I suggested, can be written in terms of our successive—and not always successful—attempts to reconcile a buoyant spirit of liberty and free enterprise with the effective rule of law and the legitimate claims of society.

Never easy, the task this poses is clearly unfinished and indeed unending. By and large, however, we have demonstrated our ability to come to terms with these typically American revolutions. Nor is it wholly without significance, perhaps, that despite the rascality, injustice, and misery that have punctuated, from time to time, our headlong industrial expansion, it was to the mills of Lancashire rather than New England that Karl Marx turned for his famous case study in the evils of capitalism.

But with one revolution, which is still gaining momentum on a kind of geometrical scale, we have not yet come to terms. I refer to the continuing revolution in science and technology, whose dynamic scope and import alternately excite and appall our finite imaginations. In itself it is only the latest manifestation of the chain reaction I mentioned, which traces back to this original and explosive idea of human freedom. And because the forces lately released by this continuing revolution now pose a threat of annihilation quite as comprehensive as Noah's flood, we are apt to find the concept that could bring us to this pass no longer the intoxicating draught that it was to our fathers, but very sobering indeed.

In the meantime, we have witnessed a kind of flight from freedom that has given a new lease on life to an older, and as we had thought, discredited concept of society. For Americans, no phenomenon could have been more baffling than the resurgence in our time of the authoritarian state, with its one-party system supporting a führer or dictator to whose words and acts all individuals must subscribe on pain of "excommunication." More baffling still is the realization that the prodigious and painful effort required to strike down the Fascist version of the authoritarian state resulted in a notable accretion of strength to the Communist or Soviet version. On the one hand, it was Soviet Russia—no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Galileo—became martyr of the new republic of science.

less spent and ravaged by the struggle than the Western European democracies—which colonized, "converted," and virtually annexed the "liberated" states of Eastern Europe; on the other hand, a Communist revolution took over the government of China and threatened China's neighbors. Finally, to complete our bewilderment, both Moscow and Peiping have somehow contrived to organize their sprawling populations into increasingly effective economic, as well as military, forces. Thus the Communist brand of the authoritarian state challenges today not only the military and economic primacy of our free society, but also the sacred proposition that a dynamic economy and higher living standards *must* be built on the premise of freedom.

There are, of course, other factors that contribute to our growing sense of dismay and apprehension. Whatever the sense of guilt we may derive from the fact that, so far, we are the only nation that has actually used an atomic bomb against another, it is doubtless overshadowed by the shocking realization that, within a decade, the American monopoly of atomic weapons has been transformed into an apparent Soviet primacy, so far as missiles are concerned.

If this apparent lead be real, its implications for American and Western diplomacy are, to put it mildly, sufficient cause for concern. And this is compounded by the uneasy sense that circumstance—to wit, the continuing revolution in science and technology—has made a mockery of our efforts to achieve democratic control over the issue of war and peace. Small wonder, then, that we have still not come to terms with this international revolution. Small wonder, too, that our attitudes toward Russia betray the confusion to which Mr. Robert Hutchins calls attention in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review*.

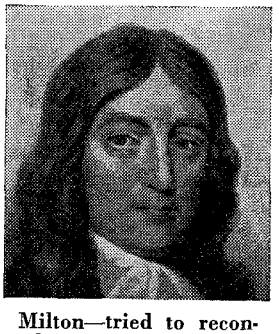
> The stresses and strains in our society [writes Mr. Hutchins] are obscured for us partly by our preoccupation with Russia, which plays a curious double role in our lives as the devil in our world and as the standard by which we measure our progress. If we weren't getting ahead of Russia, or falling behind her, how could we tell where we were?

Mr. Hutchins then wryly observes that

> Our real problems are also concealed from us by our current remarkable prosperity, which results in part from the production of arms that we do not expect to use and in part from our new way of getting rich, which is to buy things from one another that we do not want at prices we cannot pay on terms we cannot meet because of advertising we do not believe.

This observation I have ventured to quote not because it pretends to do full justice to an economy which, more nearly than any other in human experience, has satisfied the basic human needs of the people that support it, but because it puts its finger on an aspect of our economic and social life with which, to say the least, we have become increasingly disenchanted. Thus, we rightly ask ourselves whether our free society is doing all it can to meet the authoritarian challenge, if so large a proportion of our men and machines, of our skill and ingenuity is devoted to the manufacture and distribution of luxury items we do not need and gadgetries we do not want.

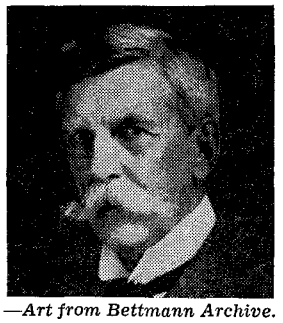
In the same context, one is bound to mention the toll levied against our economy by cynics who exploit the printed word for corrupt purposes, by organized gangsters and purveyors of race hatred, and by our juvenile delinquents from eight to eighty. Why have delinquency and disorder infected the public schools, and the system of universal education that has long been our proudest boast? Why does our free society so often seem all but impotent to deal with such manifestations of economic and human waste? How long will it take a people "dedicated [in Lincoln's words] to the proposition that all men are created equal" to make that proposition even legally effective for our colored population, North as well as South?



Milton—tried to reconcile existence of evil with goodness of God.

And, since all of these sins of omission and commission constitute an important part of the world's image of America, why in all conscience should we expect the so-called backward nations to take our free society as their proper model?

In one sense this effort to assay the present value of our intellectual currency has not taken us very far. It has, in fact, not taken us beyond the initial examination of a single concept. For this I offer no apology; I have deliberately selected this concept of freedom for scrutiny because *on its validity rests that of our intellectual currency as a whole.*



—Art from Bettmann Archive.

Oliver Wendell Holmes—reminds us that the inevitable comes to pass by effort.

How, then, do *you* assay its value? Shall we denounce it as hopelessly debased and ready for the discard because it has proven itself to be no panacea at the very moment that we hunger most for panaceas? Or have we, perhaps, been guilty of ascribing to this concept certain magic properties while undervaluing those intrinsic to it?

At this point it is my intention to state a number of propositions that you are at liberty to accept, reject or restate, as your own judgment dictates. I have just stated the first: *you are at liberty*, I said, to accept, reject or restate, as your judgment dictates. Are you indeed? The determinists will tell you that your response—or lack of it—has already been dictated by a complex of circumstances which you have always been, and are, powerless to control. The authoritarians will assert that you have no right to exercise such liberty, that your judgment is probably callow and ill-informed, and that in any event papa—meaning the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State, meaning the Party, meaning the Dictator—knows best, by definition. And *I* will remind you that this liberty *is* inseparable from responsibility, because its exercise entails consequences for you and for society. Let no one delude you into believing that the free society is not vitally concerned about the welfare of the whole; it simply believes that this end requires, among other things, the exercise of free and responsible judgment by the individuals who comprise it.

My second proposition is that, however oppressive the responsibilities of freedom may at times become, life for the mature and healthy person who has ever experienced freedom would be intolerable without it. Ask the Poles. Ask the Czechs. Ask the Hungarians. Few of the Russians, to be sure, have ever known freedom as we understand it, but if you are discontented with your lot, consider "Doctor Zhivago." Here you will encounter the torments of a soul, which first embraced the generous promises of the Communist revolution only to discover that, like Macbeth's weird sisters, the masters of the Kremlin knew only too well how to

> . . . keep the word of promise to
> our ear
> And break it to our hope.

My third proposition is that, in the long run, freedom is prerequisite to human dignity, creative achievement, and the pursuit of the good life. Without it, Kant's categorical imperative is meaningless, and so in great measure is Christ's second commandment. As for the first commandment, C. S. Lewis has recently reminded us of the Miltonic effort to reconcile the existence of evil with the goodness of God. In substance, Milton—and Lewis—ask quite simply how the Creator could find any satisfaction in his creatures' pursuit of the good unless they were also free to choose evil. If Milton's answer poses new questions for the philosopher and the critic, his point is at least germane to my subject.

My recent visit to Angkor should serve, of course, to remind me that in certain of the arts—and notably in architecture and sculpture—great things have been achieved under authoritarian direction and control. Nor am I unaware of the frustrations and difficulties of which our own creative artists and writers complain. Conceding all this, I would nevertheless contend that man's creative spirit is not to be cabined and confined, and that it must sooner or later reassert its characteristic demand for liberty or death.

My fourth proposition is that, whereas abuses creep into every kind of human society, only the free society gives its citizens the *opportunity* to get rid of them through personal initiative or voluntary coöperation or both. The real reason, indeed, that freedom cannot be regarded as a panacea is precisely that it spells *opportunity*, neither more nor less. Its successes and failures, therefore, are not intrinsic but are wholly dependent upon the use we make of the options and the openings it affords us.

Here in a nutshell one discovers both its limitations and its genius: what freedom is not and what it is. We do neither ourselves nor the cause of freedom any service by suggesting that an individual or a people has only to embrace it in order to find an automatic solvent for all ills. For it may even be true of individuals, as it is certainly true of nations, that their experience has not yet equipped them to understand, much less to shoulder, the responsibilities which freedom entails.

In our repeated failures to make full and generous use of our opportunities—to clear away the slums, to strengthen our schools and colleges, to apply constructive solutions to our transportation and communications muddle, to create a new world order, to substitute discriminating for discriminatory judgments of our fellow men—there is, to be sure, abundant

room for frustration and dismay. But before blaming these failures not upon ourselves but upon the concept which provides the opportunities, we would do well to look a little further.

Isn't it true that on most of these fronts we *have* been making progress and are discouraged only by the sluggish pace at which we move? Isn't this true of racial segregation? Isn't it true that the forces that only a decade ago seemed insurmountable barriers to the dream of European union have been yielding to the creative forces which, beginning with the Coal and Steel community and culminating in today's Common Market, are actually forging the unity of Europe, step by inexorable step? What except the bouyancy and determination born of freedom could have survived such initial failures as the repudiation of the European Defense Community and found other means of achieving its end, always by consent and never by coercion? Shall free men now permit the Soviets to sabotage this development by force or threats of force? And if, to come back to our original concern, the concept of freedom under law is not to be trusted in our efforts to put nuclear fission to its unimaginably constructive, rather than its fatally destructive, uses, in what alternative concept, may I ask, *would* you put your trust?

I have been attempting to demonstrate to my own satisfaction that the true concept of freedom, divested of the extravagant pretensions with which we mistakenly invest it, is not in fact debased; and that, in the long run at least, it is indispensable to the good life. To say this is in no sense to disparage the prodigious achievements, many of them constructive as some are certainly disturbing, which our brothers in Russia and even in China have effected under a very different aegis. Insofar as a people is not prepared—as many of our own are not—to make wise and responsible use of freedom's precious opportunities, centralized authority may well be invoked as a necessary, albeit a *temporary*, expedient for directing their capacities into socially productive channels. That this authoritarian system carries with it the grave danger that these capacities may be directed into *destructive* channels is, of course, a fact which for the moment we are forced to live with. History suggests, moreover, that only the most enlightened despot is prepared to relinquish or even share his power, except as the demand of the people becomes irresistible. But if this is unlikely to occur in Russia during my lifetime, I submit that it might well happen in yours—provided only you take to heart Mr. Justice Holmes's reminder that "the mode by which the inevitable comes to pass is effort."

In the meantime, as we value our freedom, let us be wary of cheap assertions that history, or a so-called wave of the future, is destined to overwhelm it. Let us remember that the genius of freedom lies precisely in its ability to renew the creative forces that are always and everywhere in mortal combat with the forces of sterility and decay. Let us cherish freedom, then, precisely for the opportunities it affords of demonstrating its virtues afresh to a world that sorely needs its gospel of hope.

After all, we are its chief custodians in time as well as space, and in assessing its true value for ourselves, we may be saving it for others. But we shall save our freedom—and ourselves—only as we learn to use it in our time with restraint and sensitivity, to be sure, but also with the boldness and the imagination demanded by the perils of our situation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

Varieties of Fiction

By Granville Hicks

THE NOVEL, as has so often been remarked, can be almost anything, and the two novels we have for examination this week—Martin Kramer's **"Sons of the Fathers"** (Macmillan, $4.50) and Sigrid de Lima's **"Praise a Fine Day"** (Random House, $3.50)—are completely different in scope, tone, and method. About all they have in common is a degree of literary merit that entitles them to consideration.

Kramer's first novel, "The Hearth and the Strangeness" moved backward and forward through nearly half a century to tell the story of an American family. "Sons of the Fathers" covers a shorter period of time—from 1934 to 1945—but it is equally complicated, for it has six major characters. They are all, when the novel opens, students at the University of California, and what draws them together is their interest in art, for five of them paint and the sixth is, among other things, a critic of painting. Eleven years later two are painters of some renown, one is in prison as an art forger, one teaches art, one has long since given up his painting, and one—the poet and esthetician—is sinking into alcoholism.

In Part I, which takes up more than half the book, Kramer moves easily from character to character, showing each in relation to the others and each in relation to his family. They are a diverse lot. George Morley's father is a millionaire, John Rue's a Negro porter, Virgil Benthwick's an impoverished, self-indulgent British aristocrat. Terrence Colin's working-class family scorns him as a sissy, and Robb Nixon's middle-class family is ashamed of him because he is an albino. Marion McNaughton's father was a minister, and his widowed mother is a librarian of ferocious gentility.

As the title suggests, Kramer finds in the parents some explanation of what happens to these young men, but his approach is not schematic. George Morley's revolt against his rich father is predictable enough, and one is not surprised when he joins the Communist Party and goes to fight in Spain. The black wildness that descends upon him after his disillusionment, however, is not part of the familiar pattern. Johnny Rue owes much to the wisdom of his father, but he owes more to the woman who becomes his wife, and, in spite of both, he comes close to being spoiled by a little friendly treatment in England during the war. Terrence Colin (he and Rue are the ones who turn out to be good painters) is heavily in debt both to friends and to circumstances.

These are simply six lives, shaped by innumerable forces, some identifiable and some not. The stories are varied. Both Marion McNaughton and Virgil Benthwick seem to be driven to self-destruction, but the former lapses sadly into frustration whereas the latter's career as a forger has its own kind of brilliance. As in "The Hearth and the Strangeness," Kramer treats homosexuality with sympathy, and gentle Robb Nixon's hopeless love for Terrence Colin, with its ironic outcome, is delicately portrayed.

To tell six stories in a single novel is obviously something of a tour de force, and the reader may well ask why Kramer has tried to do it. For the sake of density, I suppose, to show the strange diversity of human experience. No one of these stories by itself could have expressed Kramer's sense of what life is like; he needed them all, the successes as well as the failures, to say what he wanted to say. Since each of the six characters does come to life, the result is an impressive panorama.

BY contrast, Miss de Lima is concerned with a brief episode in one man's life. "Praise a Fine Day" is told in the first person, and the narrator is never named. He, too, it is amusing to note, is a painter, and a successful one, but he is looking back a few years to the time before his success. He was living in Rome then, and was poor, so poor that he kept himself from starving by cultivating the acquaintance of visiting Americans and charming them into buying him meals. His was not, he grants, a particularly reputable way of life, but at least he kept on painting.

It was his landlady, a woman with an eye on the main chance, who introduced him to Mara and Isaak. Isaak was a wealthy Egyptian Jew, and Mara was his mistress, beautiful and pregnant. What they wanted, as finally became clear, was that the young artist should marry Mara, since Isaak couldn't. Thus the child would have a name and would enjoy the benefits of American citizenship, which Mara, being a stateless person, appreciated. And the artist would be well paid.

The narrator tells us how he wrestled with temptation, but his problem became complicated. For one thing, he discovered that he had fallen in love with Mara. For another, he needed money more and more desperately. Finally he decided that he would go through with the marriage and then, having kept that much of his bargain and got his hands on the money, would skip out for America. But after the marriage he postponed his departure, and the three went to France, where, as he puts it, he "played the fool and the clown as well as the villain."

Living in luxury at Isaak's expense, the three acted out their strange comedy, laboriously seeking to prove to an uninterested world that the artist and Mara were in fact husband and wife. He was moved now by his seemingly hopeless love, now by his cupidity. Meanwhile he came to wonder if the motives of his companions were not as mixed as his own. Did Isaak perhaps plan to thrust on him the responsibility for Mara? Did Mara have schemes of her own? When at last she encouraged him to make love, his satisfaction was marred by suspicions.

The climax comes, and the narrator flees. Now, two years later, successful and married—happily married, he insists—he looks back. Mara, he realizes, is and always has been a mystery to him: "I know no more of Mara than I know of any stranger who passes me in the street." But he cannot forget her, and he both hopes and fears that she may return to this life.

The incident is a small one, but Miss de Lima has known how to get the most out of it. "Praise a Fine Day" is the first of her four novels I have read, and it inspires me with respect for her craftsmanship. Her feeling for subtleties and ambiguities is sharp, and she has a delicate style that matches her insights.

"Praise a Fine Day" gives more immediate pleasure, I feel, than "Sons of the Fathers." Kramer, though he does remarkably well in view of the complexity of his material, can't help fumbling now and then, whereas every line of Miss de Lima's novel is right. On the other hand, "Sons of the Fathers" may stay longer in the memory. At any rate the important point is that two novels that are so different can both be good.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wonders of the Ancient New World

"Maya: The Riddle and Discovery of a Lost Civilization," by Charles Gallenkamp *(McKay. 240 pp. $5.50), synthesizes the massive panorama of ancient America in an "unexcelled" fashion, according to Robert Wauchope, director of the Middle American Research Institute at Tulane University. Mr. Wauchope is, moreover, the author of books and articles on the archaeology and ethnography of Latin America and the Southern U.S.*

By Robert Wauchope

PREVIOUS writers on Mayan archaeology have had difficulty exploiting its inherent dramatic potentialities without departing too far from authenticity and reasonableness. John Lloyd Stephens was a notable exception in his day; his "Incidents of Travel" (1841, 1843) became best-sellers and are still admired by professional archaeologist and layman alike. But as knowledge of the Mayan past has grown complex and its scholars devote more attention to technical studies and less to the art of writing, there has been no recent top-flight "popular" book on Maya civilization. The Maudslays's "A Glimpse at Guatemala" and Luis Halle's "River of Ruins" were charming and thoughtful volumes, but, like Stephens's works, more travel narratives than a thoroughgoing study of Mayan culture and history. S. G. Morley's "The Ancient Maya" was long on facts, short on interpretation, and absolutely lacking in literary craftsmanship. J. Eric S. Thompson's "The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization" was a masterpiece of historical reconstruction based on the author's unparalleled knowledge of his subject, and was written unusually well for a social scientist.

The general reader can find no better introduction to this fascinating subject than in Charles Gallenkamp's "Maya," which is not meant to be a sourcebook for detailed facts but is an unexcelled synthesis of the content and meaning of the massive panorama of ancient America. It draws, as all works of this kind must, on many previous publications about the Maya. As its subtitle indicates, it treats of the discovery, subsequent

—*From the book.*

Sculpture from Palenque burial vault.

loss, and eventual rediscovery of the records of Central American prehistory. We read first of the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century, when "on the sands of Cape Catoche the disciples of opposite worlds were at last hurled together in the clash of arms." Mayan forces, says Gallenkamp, were by now disastrously eroded by decline; "inversely, the Spanish domain, vigorous and expanding, had seized the helm of leadership in the Western world. Its seamen had been the knights-errant of the Age of Exploration which now stirred the nations of Europe . . . its armed might was so far invincible."

NEXT we learn the cruelty and senseless vandalism of the conquest and the early colonial period that followed, of Bishop Diego de Landa, for example, who burned several hundred native books as works of the devil (only three survive):

> Within a few minutes the accumulated knowledge of centuries which had permitted the Maya to achieve unparalleled eloquence among the high civilizations of the New World lay ruined in the smoldering embers of Landa's terrible deed.

Chapter 3 tells again the story that has fascinated other popular writers in this field (von Hagen, Ceram): of how Stephens rediscovered this lost, jungle-shrouded civilization. Of Palenque, Stephens wrote:

> In the romance of the world's history nothing ever impressed me more forcibly than the spectacle of this once-great and lovely city, overturned, desolate, and lost; discovered by accident, overgrown with trees for miles around. . . . Apart of everything else, it was a mourning witness to the world's mutations.

The discovery of America, and three and a half centuries later this rediscovery of its mysterious antiquities, loosed an avalanche of speculation regarding their origins and relationships. Mythical Atlantis, Egypt, the Lost Tribes of Israel, occult worlds in space were proposed in sequence; "American archaeology was still the concern of inflexible academicians and deluded mystics . . ."

Throughout his fine synthesis of Maya prehistory, the author chooses with an unerring sense of the dramatic only those ruins which have the most emotional impact and narrative value: Palenque and its subterranean royal tomb, Bonampak and its vivid murals buried in a jungle inhabited by primitive Lacandone tribes, and Chichen Itza with its Well of Sacrifice. But he senses almost intuitively the trends, causes, "personality," and meaning of the great Mayan epochs: the Formative period, "characterized by sweeping unanimity of purpose, a surging upward of creative endeavor . . . an era of sustained peace . . . a widespread commingling of ideas and influence . . . between otherwise unrelated tribes"; the Classic period, when "a powerful culminative effort . . . found expression in formalized religion and the erection of the ceremonial centers necessary to sustain and perpetuate its influence . . . gigantic shrines to all that was darkly mysterious between known environment and the cosmic universe." As the Classic period marched forward, says Gallenkamp, "its denominators were the gradual spreading of established traditions, restless building, increasing population, and the exploration of new intellectual realms—all borne on the crest of religious striving."

LIKE J. Eric S. Thompson, Gallenkamp bemoans the passing of old values as the Maya passed through a Mexican-influenced stage of militarism, sadistic sacrifices, and internal strife. He attributes their final decline to "an element conspicuously foreign to the old Mayan temperament: complacency!"

Professionals may find it controversial in spots, but this is a splendid book and deserves wide reading.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After Westernization, Desolation

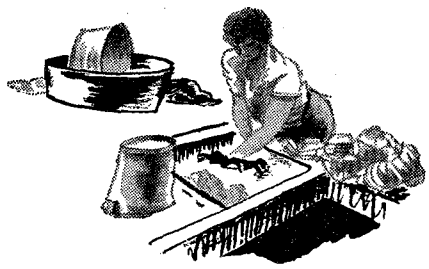
"Five Families: Mexican Case Studies in the Culture of Poverty," by Oscar Lewis *(Basic Books. 351 pp. $5.50), goes right into the homes, even the bedrooms, of a quintet representative of different strata in the local society. Selden Rodman, who is familiar with both the country and the techniques of inquiry employed, wrote "Mexican Journal," "Conversations with Artists," and other books.*

By Selden Rodman

THE AUTHOR of this book—fascinating for the intimacy of its research into family life, terrifying in its revelation of the cultural desolation that follows "Westernization" of underdeveloped countries, and perhaps epoch-making for its new approach to ethnology—is a professor of sociology and anthropology at the University of Illinois. Dr. Lewis has spent a great deal of his time since 1943 in Mexico. In fact, it is hard to believe, after finishing this book, that he didn't spend *all* of this time with the five families he writes about. For although only a single day is covered in each case, everything that happened or was said under that roof, the character and background of every human being who passed in or out, including where they went and even what they thought, down to details of sexual behavior that one doesn't ordinarily know about one's most intimate friends, is included.

Obviously, there are limitations in this approach, either from the point of view of science or of fiction. The skeptical reader is plagued by questions. How "typical" were these families? How perceptive was the reporter? How accurate are his inferences? To what extent were his subjects inhibited by his presence, the formidable apparatus of his profession (he mentions in the introduction subjecting them to "Rorschach tests, Thematic Apperception tests, the Semantic Differential," as well as intensive interviews)? Could they have been pulling his leg?

And is it quite scientific or honest for the interviewer to leave himself entirely out of the finished interview, turning into casual family dialogue what must have been in many in-



stances answers to his own questions, or at least conversation slanted to some extent by his alien presence in the crowded room? (I know from my own experience in compiling a book of conversations how greatly my presence and questions affected the train of thought of those I interviewed—and how distorted the result would have been had I subsequently eliminated my own role, or even played it down.) Considered as fiction—and this aspect of "Five Lives" almost compels us to—there are drawbacks quite as grave. In addition to the absence of drama and suspense of any description of the physical presence of Mexico, the principle of nonselectivity or all-inclusiveness contributes downright boredom. Paragraphs like the following are all too frequent:

> Antonia reached under her bed, removed the chamber pot which was used by Carmela at night, and emptied it into the toilet at the rear of the patio. She then began to sweep out the bedrooms, under the beds, in the corners, and under the wardrobe which had been a birthday gift to her from her father. She swept the dirt toward the door and out into the patio, humming a song while she worked and turning every little while to smile at her children. Using an old diaper, she dusted the furniture, and finally went for the floor mop. . . .

Boredom aside, it's an astonishing performance. One receives an *experience* of the way four-fifths of the human race (miserably) lives obtainable from no other book, an experience one is not likely to forget. Perhaps because it comes closer to home, the report of the fifth family, the *nouveaux riches* Castros, detached from everything viable in Mexican culture and dehumanized by everything horrible in ours, is most memorable. This is social satire of the highest order, however "truthfully" set down:

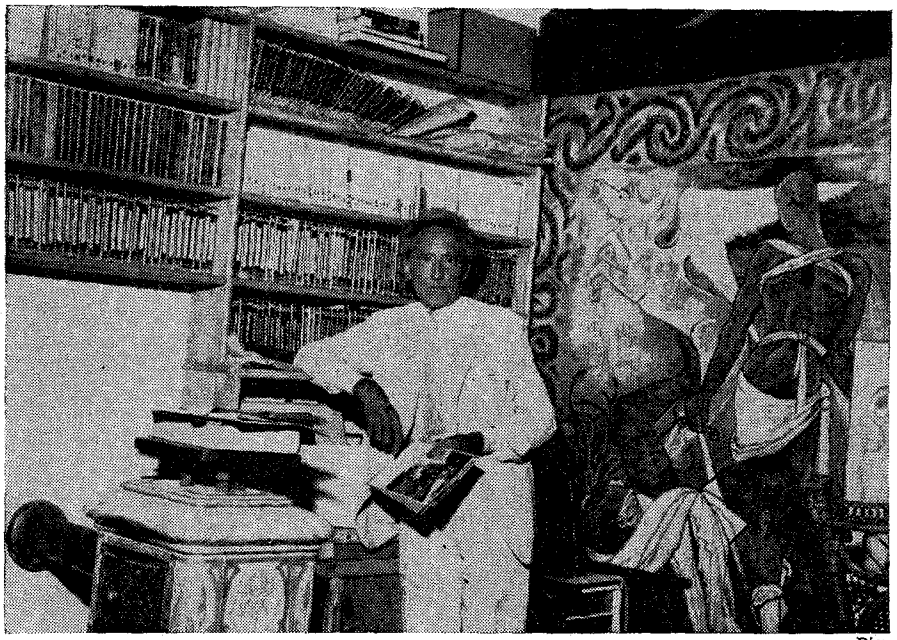
> "All right, for the love of God," Isabel [Señora Castro] said. "None of you loves me. You'll be the death of me. I don't know how to put up with you. You're taking months off my life every day. But you'll see. Next year you're all going to be sent to boarding school. That's going to be your punishment for your bad behavior. I can't stand you any longer. You'll see. I'll give you five minutes to dry yourselves and get into your room."
>
> She slammed the door angrily and went back to her bedroom, saying aloud, "Of course, how can these bastards respect me, with the example set them by their father. Wretched miser! Everything he gives me hurts him. I wish I were dead because these kids are going to kill me off soon anyway. Now I can still manage them, but later? They see how he treats me all the time. Always after women! He even lets the children see him with other women and that is why they don't respect me."
>
> Isabel was thinking of a time three years before when her husband had taken his mistress to Acapulco and had also taken his children . . .

But this is nothing. The reader will have to read it all to see that Oliver La Farge is not exaggerating in his foreword when he calls the Castros "a family to dismay Chekhov, to stand Zola's hair on end." And here, La Farge adds, speaking of all five families, is "the greatest export of the Euro-North American family of nations—a new material culture that shatters the nonmaterial cultures of the peoples it reaches, and that today is reaching them all. All over the world people are hating the light-skinned, machine-age nations, and busily aping them." If Dr. Lewis can help to make us more conscious of what we are exporting (it seems hopeless to expect that the victims will exercise discrimination over what they are *importing*), he will have performed a very great service indeed. Only a transparent revelation of the machinery of interviewing, and perhaps conclusions, summarizing the findings of each report, are needed to make his revolutionary method foolproof.

—Art work from jacket of book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apollo's Son Is Seventy



—Pix.

Jean Cocteau in his Cap Ferrat home . . . his private life, his masterpiece.

"The Hand of a Stranger," by Jean Cocteau; *translated by Alec Brown (Horizon Press. 187 pp. $3.95), is a miscellany of reflections, from the famed Frenchman's vast storehouse of knowledge and experience. In celebration of Cocteau's seventieth birthday,* SR *has asked Robert Phelps, author of "Heroes and Orators," to review the many-faceted career of one of this century's most versatile men.*

By Robert Phelps

IF ARISTOTLE was right when he said that production is the artist's form of virtue, then Jean Cocteau is blessed. July 5th will mark his seventieth birthday; 1959 is the fiftieth anniversary of his first book. Therefore he now stands with half a century's output behind him, and an output, moreover, whose variety no other artist has ever approached. As Auden once pointed out, his collected works would require not only a five-foot shelf, but a warehouse. I cannot, offhand, think of any expressive medium into which he has not ventured.

Certainly he has used every existing form of the printed word: verse, novels, diaries, criticism, biography, open letters, libretti, prefaces, aphorisms, book reviews, newspaper articles of every kind. He has also written for the stage, the screen, the cabaret. He has etched, painted, illustrated; made sculpture, murals, tapestries; decorated houses, a chapel in Villefranche, the mayor's hall in Menton. He has made phonograph records, composed ballets, and designed everything from scenery and costumes to store windows and Christmas cards. In his own person, he has acted, sung, recited, improvised on lecture platforms, and delivered formal *discours* to *l'Académie française*, *l'Académie belge*, and Oxford University. And though he has never entered the bull ring, he has sat with a matador's *montera* over his knees and written a lyric account of his empathy.

In addition to all of this, there has been his not very private life, which someone once called his masterpiece, and which Cocteau himself has resourcefully recreated in much of his work. He has never written a real autobiography, but the best, and most permanent core of his *oeuvre* is probably the auto-mythology which he has been composing since 1913. Other writers—for instance, Colette—have drawn intimately upon their personal lives, and worn literary masks modeled closely upon their own features. Cocteau has done something else. Out of his successive crises and scandals —a quarrel with Stravinsky, the death of Radiguet, an opium cure, a flying visit to America—he has metamorphosed a sort of running parable about the Orphic vocation, the whole mystery, risk, and inner morality of being a poet.

Now, traditionally, a poet is the watcher and commemorator of others. It is the passion of Paris, or the wrath of Achilles, from which he makes his song. In Cocteau, we have Orpheus on Orpheus. His personal history as a Parisian Pied Piper and Jack-of-all-arts has been the raw material for a nimble and sagacious myth about all poets—even better, about any creature whose awareness and daylight self are at the service of an inner vision, a dark angel, that sovereign source which Cocteau calls simply *poésie*, but which might also be called the Kingdom of Heaven. His Orpheus can therefore enlighten not only other poets, but any innerly dedicated man.

In France this week Cocteau will be justly acclaimed and praised. He has even embossed the event with a new film of his own, about the life and work of Jean Cocteau. Unfortunately, all we have to celebrate with here in America is a doubtlessly well-meant, but deplorably poor translation of his "Journal d'un Inconnu" ("Journal of an Unknown Man"). Originally published in 1953, it is a characteristic miscellany of aphorisms, notes, mythic gossip, and self-avowal. In Cocteau's version, it embodies a vivid, wise, vulnerable voice, perhaps a little pettish here and there, but always passionate and alive. In the version, which Alec Brown has pointlessly called "The Hand of a Stranger," it cannot be recommended to anyone. Apart from gross errors of meaning, it makes Cocteau utter a brutally ungainly English which wholly traduces the ariel verve his least sentence imparts in French.

READING it, in fact, made me wonder if maybe the best way to wish Cocteau a Happy Birthday this year might not be to ask for volunteers among our own best writers to act as a watchdog committee in matters of his English rendering from now on. Gide once said every serious writer owed his language at least one translation. I think he also owes it sentinelship against bad translations. To this end, I hereby nominate Miss Rosamond Lehmann of Great Britain, and Mr. Glenway Wescott of the U.S., to serve as transatlantic guardians of Cocteau in English, and earnestly urge publishers to consult one or both when any future translation is under consideration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Psychic Countryside

"Ossian's Ride," by Fred Hoyle *(Harper. 244 pp. $3), written by a well-known astronomer, combines science fiction and suspense with the elements of a leisurely ramble through the Irish countryside. Poet and critic Padraic Colum, who edited "A Treasury of Irish Folklore," compares the story to Irish mythology.*

By Padraic Colum

I HAD thought of Fred Hoyle as a scientific writer with a nostalgia for outer space. Hadn't he referred with a certain attachment (in "The Nature of the Universe," I think) to a white dwarf, unrecognized and unnamed, far out in the galaxy, that is the begetter of the earth and the planets, and that was once the companion of the star who is our sun? But when I open his latest book (non-astronomical) I find the pages strewn with names of villages in which I have refreshed myself with tea and homemade bread: Arvagh, Ballinagh, places around Lough Gowna. And I find our wandering hero passing "Tipperary on its west side with the intention of skirting the Galty mountains. My intention was to keep south until I reached a point a little below Fermoy and then at last swing sharply to the west." One could go on a hike through a great part of Ireland using "Ossian's Ride" as a guidebook. It is the Ireland of 1970 with the mysterious city, Caragh, in the southwest, and in the east an unrecognizably developing Dublin. But fortunately for the storyteller, these are the only modernistic impasses. In the rest of Ireland the roads are as they were for bards and tinkers.

Why this story of the attempt to discover the secret of an unprecedented productivity is called "Ossian's Ride" is something to guess at. Ossian or Oisin is the hero of an early narrative poem of Yeats's, "The Wanderings of Oisin." He rides over the sea to the land of youth in company with an immortal woman, Niav. Is Cathleen, who accompanies the hero part of his way to the wonderful Caragh, Niav? Or is it Fanny, who reveals the incommunicable secret of the I.C.E. (Industrial Corporation, Eire)? Frankly, I can't make out. I know that Caragh has been given the glamour of Ossian's island. "Something strange, but real, the city of the third millennium, the city of the future."

Science fiction, I realized as I read "Ossian's Ride," is bound to draw towards mythology: As the science-fictionist takes us away from the world and the elements we know, he is bound to evoke the transcendental that, by whatever name he gives it, is mythological. On the edge of a strand in Kerry, the young Cambridge scientist, Thomas Sherwood, shows Fanny that he knows her origin and hears her speak of catastrophe-encircled beings who could deal with a thousand million units of information. He has gone through a land that has still a coating of legend. He has been assailed by agents of an unprecedented industrial enterprise and by racketeers who are putting some of the formulae of that enterprise upon a black market. He wins through to the knowledge of the secret of the enterprise—but much good that knowledge will do the government that set him on the quest. It is because he is psychically attuned to a mysterious landscape that intuitions come to him that enable him to approach the knowledge of the secret that has baffled the scientific espionage of Britain, Russia, and the United States.

> From the upper slopes of Mullaghbeg I lay on a rocky ledge watching the ever-changing swell of the sea breaking endlessly over richly colored rocks. My fingers touched the rough boulder and in an instant the memory of the appalling descent of the crags of Inishtooskert became alive again. Like the island itself, the solitary memory reared up sharp and clear out of a sea of oblivion. . . . I knew that in some subtle respect, one that I could put no name to, I had been changed. Something was different in me, and my agitation of mind was not decreased by a sense of mysterious uncertainty.

It is this curious blending of the psychic with the look of a countryside that has enabled Fred Hoyle to write science fiction that in "Ossian's Ride" is unusual.

ROMAN FEVER: The real hero of Alexis Curvers's odd but eloquent Belgian novel, **"Tempo di Roma"** (translated by Edward Hyams; McGraw-Hill, $4.50), is the city of Rome. A North European named Jimmy wanders to the Eternal City and waits at its threshold because chance has set him down there. His first bed in Rome is the front seat of an automobile in a garage. One morning he oversleeps and wakes up to hear the proprietor of the garage voice a need for someone who speaks German. Quickly pulling himself together, he starts the car, addresses a *"Bitte schön. Danke schön"* to its owner, and is hired as a tourist guide. As he learns his trade, he makes some strange acquaintances —a sixteen-year-old girl whom he wants to marry, her suspicious mother, a friendly chauffeur who wants to marry the mother, a blustering American, an eccentric marchioness, her gigolo, and an English remittance-man who nurses a smoldering passion for Jimmy. What passes for a plot makes few demands on these people because, like Jimmy, they have a way of tumbling into their destiny.

Fortunately, the novel is saved by its warm and enthusiastic account of the glories of Rome. This subject permeates the plot. Rome is the name Jimmy gives his girl; it is the only passion the Englishman has besides Jimmy himself. But, what is more important, Jimmy's job as a guide gives him every opportunity for a prolonged, rapturous study of the bright, spacious, well-ordered Eternal City. He takes his charges to the Colosseum, the Palazzo di Venezia, Trajan's Column, St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, and he comments on them more memorably and more personally than any guidebook. The city itself is infinitely more alive on these pages than anything the novelist has created.

—HENRY POPKIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 837

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 837 will be found in the next issue.

KCAFDHGL BG LEH

MKFDBPBAN CQ LEH

PBNEL CQ GCRHPHBNALT

OT RBKLCPT.

—ECOOHG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 836

Take away the self-conceited, and there will be elbow-room in the world.

—WHICHCOTE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From China to Sojourn or Suborn?

"The Dragon's Seed: Peking and the Overseas Chinese," by Robert S. Elegant *(St. Martin's Press. 319 pp. $4.95), uncovers a potentially dangerous fifth column—the* hua-chiao*—in the non-Communist countries of Southeast Asia. Edgar Snow, whose latest book is "Journey to the Beginning," wrote "Pattern of Soviet Power," "Red Star Over China," among several other works.*

By Edgar Snow

AROUND the fecund South China sea, and the extensions of it warmed by equatorial waters, lie newly independent non-Communist countries, with close to 200 million inhabitants, which have in common one major communal problem, known as *hua-chiao*. The Philippines, Indonesia, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, and Malaya-Singapore together are hosts to from ten to thirteen million "Chinese sojourning abroad"—as Robert Elegant translates the term *hua-chiao*. Still assimilated to only a very limited degree (except in Thailand) after generations of "sojourning," the *hua-chiao* today wield economic controls far out of proportion to their numbers in a vast area which produces most of the world's rubber, tin, and rice exports, and has immense wealth in oil and other resources.

Of Singapore island's 1,260,000 people the Chinese in 1958 accounted for 965,000; in Malaya itself Chinese are 39 per cent of a population of 6,250,000; in British Borneo, 28 per cent. Thailand and Indonesia each have Chinese communities in excess of two and a quarter millions. Chinese own hundreds of thousands of acres in Malaya; they are equally strong in Borneo and Sumatra, and they control 40 per cent of the world's output and exports of rubber. Throughout most of Southeast Asia Chinese dominate commerce in many lines, and in retail trade they hold—or did hold—a virtual monopoly.

Overseas Chinese and the manner in which they are directed or can be directed by Peking—or themselves reconcile their interests to the needs of native nationalisms—may be a determining factor in the political destiny of all Southeast Asia and be sharply felt by the United States.

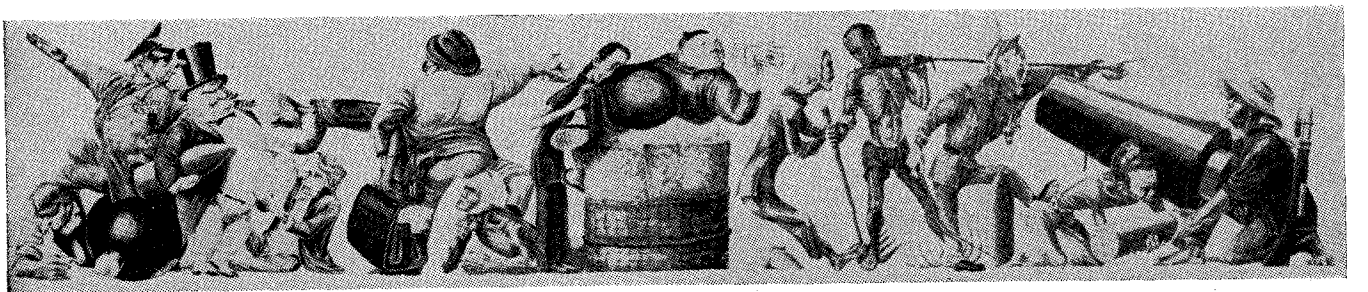
In his present report on the *hua-chiao* Mr. Elegant says that "a common insecurity is the best justification for those who call the overseas Chinese 'the Jews of Asia,' though the analogy originates in their fancied acumen—in both cases, hard work, spurred by desperation . . . both are tormented by ancestral fears and memories of slights."

CHINESE immigration began as a trickle of sampans and junks in the sixteenth century and gained momentum only after European conquests established law and order for business and protection for cheap, imported labor. The great majority of Chinese arrived within the present century as penniless coolies and surplus sons from the villages and islands of southern Kwantung and Fukien. The difference between them and the white overlords for whom they served as labor battalions was that they stayed and settled. At first they intermarried with natives; later they brought Chinese women and formed separate, clannish communities. They steadily prospered; many moved in one generation from back-breaking toil to formidable wealth and ease. Money from them largely financed Sun Yat-sen and the republican revolution. Both Nationalist and Communist regimes have drawn from them billions of dollars in remittances and investments in the homeland. Both have tried to utilize the *hua-chiao* to advance the aims of a kind of creeping imperialism of their own.

Robert Elegant writes lucidly and often dramatically of the various overseas communities, explaining the distinct and separate problems of each. As a fellow of the Ford Foundation and a newspaper correspondent he traveled and studied extensively in the area, interviewed hundreds of rebellious pro-Communist Chinese students and their uneasy, indulgent and self-indulgent, old-fashioned, peasant-turned-bourgeois parents, most of whom are now split in their loyalties between devotion to their own interests, which are potentially threatened by Communism, and their kinship with a powerful new revolutionary motherland.

BY every means available—control of the Chinese-language schools, use of drama, cinema, books, newspapers, industrial exhibits, fast-expanding trade, and the importation of thousands of *hua-chiao* students for a spell of indoctrination at home and then a return to the south to organize the patriotic-idealistic sentiments of frustrated, and often discriminated-against, overseas youths—the Communists in China have made a heavy impact. Mr. Elegant reports that pro-Communist sentiment is now so widespread that Nationalist influence is confined chiefly to elders and a few Western-oriented intellectuals.

Native nationalist regimes have, however, recently responded with more or less effective retaliations against the Communist challenge exerted through this alien minority. Since 1954 Peking has found it expedient almost to reverse its policy in the interest of the Panch Shila, or peaceful co-existence, in order to cultivate good will with its neighbors in general and to disembarrass the indigenous Communist parties in particular. Both Nationalist and Communist regimes formerly insisted upon dual nationality for the *hua-chiao*, thus making potential fifth columns of them. In 1957 and 1958 the



From "Chinese Art in the XX Century" (University of California Press) comes this 1948 satirical scroll by Hsioa Ting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communists renounced this practice.

Peking advised overseas Chinese either to accept local citizenship where possible, or, if they had no choice but to remain Chinese nationals, to abide by the laws and invest their money and energy in the future of the adopted country. As a result Taipeh also had to abandon the dual-citizenship claims. Neither Peking nor Taipeh is now very vigorously protesting against legislation in the Philippines, Indonesia, Thailand, Vietnam, and Cambodia which aims forcibly to impose a choice of nationality on Chinese, to "nativize" Chinese-held economic interests and educational institutions, to control propaganda, and to exclude from equal opportunity in the political, economic, cultural, and military life of these nations those Chinese who reject local citizenship when it is offered.

Mr. Elegant asserts that "it is no more possible for us [the U.S.] to *win* or *lose* Southeast Asia than it was possible for us to *lose* China," and that "only native governments can determine the future of the South Seas." We can, of course, exert some modifying influence, but we cannot do so "with our present policy," which Mr. Elegant considers a failure. "A change is essential." The United States "must come to terms with this dawning power [of the Chinese both at home and abroad] if it is to survive as a vital part of the human community." He concludes:

> Recognition [of China] accompanied by real security—military and civil—in Southeast Asia, could be the beginning of a truly effective program to halt Red penetration of the South Seas.

Presented in its full context, with persuasive force, Mr. Elegant's relentless logic is hardly answerable by any State Department brief thus far read in defense of the tenaciously held credo of Chiang-is-China.

—Sovfoto.

Moscow, 1958. Garrison troops hold parade in Red Square.

A Hot and Cold Running Future

"War and the Soviet Union: Nuclear Weapons and the Revolution in Soviet Military and Political Thinking," by Herbert S. Dinerstein *(Praeger. 268 pp. $5.50), and* ***"Protracted Conflict," by Robert Strausz-Hupé, William R. Kintner, James E. Dougherty, and Alvin J. Cottrell*** *(Harper. 203 pp. $3.95), examine the evolution since Stalin of Soviet war strategy and face up to what is in store during the next several decades. Thomas P. Whitney, a student of Soviet affairs, has been foreign news analyst for the Associated Press, for which he was staff correspondent in Moscow from 1947-53. Before that he was chief of the Economic Section of the U. S. Embassy there.*

By Thomas P. Whitney

HERE are two books which deal with different aspects of the conflict between the free world and the Communist bloc.

One—"War and the Soviet Union," by H. S. Dinerstein—limits itself to a study of changes in Soviet thinking on war since the death of Stalin. The other—"Protracted Conflict," by a group associated with the Foreign Policy Research Institute—sets itself the task of analysis of Communism as a "method" or as a "technique of conflict."

Mr. Dinerstein has capably assembled key facts (obviously selected from an enormous mass of military and political writings examined by him) showing the awakening of Soviet military theoreticians and politicians to the implications of the thermonuclear era and intercontinental missile-delivery systems. He has skilfully traced the re-examination of Stalinist military theory (which ignored nuclear weapons) in the freer atmosphere since 1953, and the growing realization by the Soviet military of the possible "decisive" significance of a surprise attack made with modern weapons of mass-devastating power. He makes an attempt to relate the reassessment of war theory to Soviet politics and the conflict between factions in the Soviet leadership led respectively by Georgi Malenkov and Nikita Khrushchev.

According to "War and the Soviet Union," Soviet leaders, military and political, are convinced they must deliver the first blow in any nuclear war with the United States. The author states that the dominant concept in Soviet planning for the possibility of nuclear warfare is that of *the preemptive attack*—a surprise assault at a would-be surprise aggressor aimed at assuring a successful outcome of the war by securing decisive advantage at the very start. This assertion he documents thoroughly and convincingly.

At the same time Mr. Dinerstein is careful not to accuse the Soviet leaders of currently plotting a preventive war against the United States—though, admittedly, the line between preemptive attack and preventive war is thin indeed. Here Dinerstein relies on his concept of the Soviet leaders as fully rational beings and on two of his own general assumptions: first, that the Soviet leaders cannot believe they could get away with a thermonuclear Pearl Harbor against America without devastation of the Soviet Union; second, that Soviet leaders are not overly fearful of a surprise attack from the United States taking place under present American leadership and the present American political system without there being adequate warning to permit the organization of a preemptive attack.

Mr. Dinerstein has explored a critical yet generally neglected area of Soviet thinking, and by a clear line of reasoning has arrived at fully plausible conclusions, thus giving for the first time a view of Soviet theory—and policy—on war at the present time. This is the book's great value, far outweighing its incidental defects.

Among such defects is oversimplification of the factional conflicts within Soviet leadership since Stalin's death. Dinerstein reduces the conflict to two sides, one led by Malenkov, who in times of domestic political crisis stressed regularly the probability of peace, and the other by Krushchev, who has worked up a war scare whenever a new domestic political power play has been underway, though never when there has been any real danger of war. The truth is that Malenkov was only one leader in the opposition to Khrushchev, which was itself divided into mutually bitter factions. Khrushchev, by harping on both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war and peace themes, played them adroitly against each other until he was ready to roll them all up into one package and dispose of them as the "antiparty group." At the same time Mr. Dinerstein's stress on the use by Khrushchev—and others—of the "war scare" technique in domestic Soviet Communist Party politics is an important point which deserves the emphasis he gives it. "War and the Soviet Union" is an exceedingly useful study.

"Protracted Conflict" is one of the results of a protracted study, financed by a foundation grant, by a group of scholars of the University of Pennsylvania's Foreign Policy Research Institute. It contains some interesting ideas, a good many platitudes, and a fair amount of faulty reasoning or simply mistakes.

The study's goal is ambitious: to help establish "a conceptual consensus among American policy-making groups and opinion elites on the protean nature of the Communist challenge." In conclusion it declares:

> Whether Western civilization is sinking into its final twilight or will survive to erect the modern world order which only the West can build—this question will be answered by victories and defeats in the varied battles of the protracted conflict still to be fought.

A chapter on "Deception and Distraction" offers some strange assertions indeed: that the Soviet Union deliberately maneuvered the West into concentrating on long-range bomber production at the cost of missiles, that the Russians were latecomers into the satellite field, that Communists concentrate on releasing percentage data, the significance of which is vague, and they habitually falsify statistics.

The theme of the work, described in its title, is that the struggle between East and West is going to be long and drawn out, that "protracted conflict" is a Communist technique, and that "in order to survive or win this conflict, strategies must be planned to the scale of decades, not years." Like many other American inquiries into the subject of Communism, it seems to concentrate almost exclusively on the conspiratorial aspect of the movement to the exclusion of any other. This, aside from the book's other flaws, severely limits its usefulness.

IN THE NEWS

His Name Became an Improper Noun

—*Wide World.*

The late Joseph McCarthy making notes during the Army hearings . . "General Zwicker was available."

"Senator Joe McCarthy," by Richard H. Rovere *(Harcourt, Brace. 280 pp. $3.95), sees the late demagogue himself as the force that exploded the spleen known as "McCarthyism." Herbert Brucker, editor of the* Hartford Courant, *quarrels with this view.*

By Herbert Brucker

THIS is a concise, lively, readable, and hostile retelling of the story of Joseph Raymond McCarthy. Five years ago that story was a burning reality. Now it is history. Even so, those who saw in the living Senator a betrayal of everything precious and decent and generous in the American tradition will find their view confirmed by Mr. Rovere's characteristically skilful account. Those who in the early Fifties saw the Senator as a patriot are likely to reject this account with the same vituperative hatred with which they greeted anybody who was not an unreserved admirer of the Senator. Little in the book seems destined to change either opinion.

The Senator died only two years ago. It is too soon to see him in perspective. But the reader can note one flaw in this account, a flaw that makes the book less convincing than it might have been. This is the story of the Senator as the chief source of what he himself accepted, proudly, as McCarthyism. He called it Americanism in action, with its sleeves rolled up. But surely it was and is a misreading of history to see Joe McCarthy himself as the explosive force that made him what he was. What made him a dominant national power and a world figure was not so much his own prowess as the stage on which he trod, the American temper during those pyrotechnic years from the Wheeling speech in February, 1950, to Senate condemnation in December, 1954. Without this stage upon which to act the Senator might have been only another minor demagogue whom most of us recalled only vaguely.

THERE is in this book not one word about the Canadian atomic spy ring of 1946, the betrayal by Klaus Fuchs in Great Britain, the still unexplained mystery of Alger Hiss, or the impact of the fact that in the postwar years a thousand and one minor Communists and ex-Communists were dug out of the woodwork. No doubt then, as now, the internal threat of Communism was trivial beside the terrifying external threat. Still, it was news; it was a shock, to learn in those years that respected citizens had once been Communists. It was more of a shock to learn that there had been real, not imagined, Communist spying in the atomic and other fields.

All this the Truman Administration, in the political setting of the time, dismissed as a red herring. Most of the anti-Communist fuss was no doubt witch-hunting. But brushing off such dark facts as actually existed caused genuine concern among Americans of substance and standing—businessmen, lawyers, ministers, and such. These were the ones who didn't "like McCarthy's methods, but. . . ." No wonder that, as Mr. Rovere notes in his book, even after the worst about the Senator was known the Gallup Poll indicated that 50 per cent of the American people had a generally "favorable opinion" of him, and felt he was serving the country in useful ways.

There was a backdrop of reality against which the McCarthy black arts were practised. But that backdrop gets little attention, and no analysis, in these pages.

Unquestionably, the record as here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

set down is shameful, and frightening. The Senator found not a single Communist. But the entire nation stood by afraid to speak, or indifferent, or actually applauding, while the guilty and the innocent alike were tried, convicted, and punished with incredible severity and a terrible reality by the McCarthy subcommittee—and this without ever getting near a court, or being offered protection of the rules of fair trial as painfully built up through the centuries. Not only that, but Congress itself, and even two Presidents of the United States, danced to the McCarthy tune. For let us not forget that those "twenty years of treason" soon became, in the first Eisenhower year, twenty-one years of treason.

Even now this record is incredible, from the nonexistent ten pounds of shrapnel in a McCarthy leg to the utterly real fact that a Secretary of the Army could be forced to change from this:

> I have directed [General] Zwicker not to appear before Senator McCarthy on Tuesday in New York. . . . I cannot permit the loyal officers of our Armed Forces to such unwarranted treatment

to this:

> If the Committee decides to call General Zwicker . . . General Zwicker will be available.

How, then, was it that this incredibly powerful Senator was deflated, like a pricked balloon, more than two years before he died? Mr. Rovere has an answer: the Senator did not believe in his own mission. Because he had no convictions, he could not draw courage from them when adversity came.

PERHAPS that was it. Or perhaps the American people, having seen Senator McCarthy at close range and at length on their television screens in the Army-McCarthy hearings, saw him as he really was for the first time. Perhaps it was such things as that, thanks to the guts of Senators like Flanders of Vermont and Watkins of Utah, that the censure proceedings took place, and allowed the country to realize at last that the Senator was subverting the foundations of American government. Or perhaps it was something else that has not yet been ferreted out.

To know for sure we shall have to let more time pass, until the brilliant light of hindsight illumines obscure corners we cannot yet see. Meanwhile, the record as it was written at the time is here in this book.

The World His Beat

"Kent Cooper and the Associated Press," by Kent Cooper *(Random House. 334 pp. $6), reminisces about the United Press's rival wire service and the author's role in its growth. The memoir is examined by Nicholas King, who is an editorial writer for the* New York Herald Tribune.

By Nicholas King

AT THE beginning of this book Kent Cooper, for many years the boss of the Associated Press, relates an anecdote illustrating the general public's ignorance of what a wire service is and how it works. A woman at a dinner party once asked him what he did. "Did you ever hear of the Associated Press?" he asked her. "Oh, yes, certainly!" she replied. "My husband takes it. He takes all the newspapers."

In truth, not many people who do not have some kind of professional interest in the news know what the A.P. is or the function it performs. Yet today, when only a handful of American newspapers have correspondents of their own in other cities or in other countries, the A.P., together with the other wire services, has the chief responsibility of informing the public of what goes on in the world. The A.P. differs from the other agencies in that it is a mutual organization; it is a membership of newspapers. Other agencies simply sell their news on a client basis. It is the oldest American agency, and most people would call it the best. The Associated Press's history should therefore be a matter of great general interest.

Mr. Cooper has undertaken to write that history, together with the history of his own life. This is eminently suitable since the two are intertwined, and very frequently are the same. When he came to the A.P. some years before the First World War, he found it a poky, stuffy institution. Working his way up, he transformed it, injecting touches of color and human interest into the news reports pioneering the transmission of news pictures by wire, developing telephone circuits into a vital news organ, extending the A.P. service all over the world. For sixty years Mr. Cooper has devoted himself to the news, and the best of his energies have gone into the A.P. Its present success is as much his achievement as anyone's.

The book itself is less of a success. The fulsome tributes that are scattered through its pages attest to his high character, unflagging energy, and admirable foresight. The writing of books, unfortunately, cannot be numbered among his talents. To begin with, none of the more interesting and important questions about the reporting of news as an agency does it is answered or even put. Wire services, like newspapers, are extremely selective about the events they report: they have to be. There are the editors to please and the competition to worst. The wire-service news coverage of a foreign country, for instance, is at best superficial. Wire services have to "sell" their news to editors, and the result is likely to be what Americans want to read about a particular country, rather than what is really taking place there. Often, of course, the two things are the same—but as often they are not.

Moreover, far too much of the book is taken up with an overdetailed account of the A.P. organization, which is of no more interest than any other business gossip to those who are not connected with it. It is shop talk, and the shop talk is often exceedingly dull.

Finally, it is irritating to find one more book about the press in which newspapermen are treated as Brahmins. Newspapermen are not *per se* saints in the rough. And how many people would agree with Mr. Cooper that true, unbiased news is "the highest original moral concept ever developed in America and given the world"? The real history of the A.P. remains to be written; it is doubtful whether anyone in Mr. Cooper's position could write it.

A.P's and U.P's VIPs

Associated Press's Kent Cooper . . . writes a double history.

United Press's Hugh Baillie . . . recalls major events. **(*See next page*)**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Legman to Headman

"High Tension: The Recollections of Hugh Baillie," by Hugh Baillie *(Harper. 320 pp. $4.50), zips through nearly five decades of the author's reportage for the United Press. CBS news commentator Ned Calmer began his own journalistic career in 1927.*

By Ned Calmer

READING Hugh Baillie's recollections of nearly a half century of journalism is a little like leafing through the front pages of a newspaper file beginning back in 1910, when Baillie went to work as a cub reporter in Los Angeles, and ending in the 1950s when Baillie retired as head man of the United Press, now United Press International. I say front pages because these memoirs move at such breakneck speed, and with so little time given to deeper, more reflective thought about what was happening, that it would be impossible otherwise for anyone to cover so much ground in a normal-size book. This is not to criticize the result unfavorably. Hugh Baillie is not a Walter Lippmann or a Scotty Reston, but he did carve out a high place for himself in the history of the fastest, most competitive kind of newsgathering that has yet been invented, not excepting even radio. I mean the twenty-four-hours-a-day race between rival press associations, in which sixty seconds can mean the difference between victory and defeat on a big newsbreak. Baillie and his kind are men who write as they run, and it is only natural that this account of his professional life should have the tense, breathless style of a typical U.P. dispatch—looser in construction, more colorful in conception, than the tidy, lean-over-backward-to-be-accurate standard of Baillie's great competitor, the Associated Press (which sometimes leans over backward so far that the true significance of a controversial story is lost).

Much of this book—too much of it, in one opinion—is little more than repetition of the main outlines of national and international events known to every person of Baillie's generation as well as to young students of contemporary history. It is not a profound or searching analysis he gives us, but rather the day-to-day recital, as from a diary or reporter's notebook, of how the stories broke seen by the man covering them. As such, it has a valid on-the-scene fascination not usually found in the pages of historians proper. After all, Baillie was there—running down leads like an ordinary legman working on a crime or sex scandal, sweating it out on the platform of a political convention, taking a firsthand, cynical look at an upstart European adventurer at the moment his triumph transforms him into a world statesman. Hurried and superficial as his judgment may sound at times, now that we can all look backward, Baillie never lost sight of his main objective—to get the spot news, the hard news, and get it fast—primarily what *happened*, and, if there was time, what it *meant*. For this alone he is salutary reading for any young man who wants to learn to report the first facts first. The rest of what is worth while in this book is the feeling for white-hot atmosphere which the passing of time has not cooled—the smell of whiskey on Warren Harding's breath, the details of Adolf Hitler's uniform.

Hugh Baillie began his career on a police beat—where else?—and climaxed it with the experience of Korea and close acquaintance with our latest President. In between, through the long years that seemed so short, there were Clarence Darrow and Woodrow Wilson and Pius XII and Wally Simpson, Hirohito, MacArthur, Chiang Kai-shek, Montgomery. . . . Not to mention such marginal figures as Henry-Haye and Gainza Paz and Clare Boothe Luce. In salty, two-fisted paragraphs, in the rough-and-ready prose he learned while batting out Bulletins and Inserts, Baillie bluntly lets us have the dope as he found it. He is an admirer of Eisenhower as statesman (he finds, for instance, that Eisenhower's press conferences are better than Roosevelt's were) and in general scarcely conceals his irritation with the four-term President. He tells of two meetings with Winston Churchill at which Baillie was, successively, bawled out and snubbed in a way he never forgot.

Now, as he sums up his career, you may disagree with some of Hugh Baillie's conclusions, but it's an honest difference of opinion, as in one of those heated arguments in the smoke-filled club car of a swaying campaign train, a bombed-out cellar behind a war front, or the interminable waiting session in a hotel or precinct station known to every newspaperman. As Baillie says, "The reporters are a great breed. Without them you wouldn't know what was going on in the world, or in the next block, for that matter. I am proud to be one of them, to be in on the battle, the murder, the sudden death or whatever else is worth reporting." And as Americans we have reason to be proud of Baillie and his breed, of their peculiarly American genius that has taught the whole world how to go after the news and get it on the wires.

He completes his book with an eloquent warning about efforts in Government to withhold or cover up the news. Very rightly, he points to this as a major and continuing danger of our time.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DRAMATIC DOMESTICITY

Below is a group of play titles each of which includes a noun denoting kinship. Althea Hunt of Williamsburg, Virginia, asks you to assign these plays to their correct authors. Curtain rises on page 27.

1. "Brother Rat"	( ) Honoré de Balzac
2. "Charley's Aunt"	( ) Bertolt Brecht
3. "The Country Wife"	( ) Eugène Brieux
4. "The Family Reunion"	( ) Anton Chekhov
5. "The Father"	( ) Alexandre Dumas, fils
6. "An Ideal Husband"	( ) T. S. Eliot
7. "The Illegitimate Son"	( ) Anatole France
8. "Mamba's Daughters"	( ) DuBose Heyward
9. "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"	( ) Maurice Maeterlinck
10. "Mother Courage"	( ) John Monks, Jr., and Fred F. Finklehoffe
11. "Our American Cousin"	( ) August Strindberg
12. "Sister Beatrice"	( ) Tom Taylor
13. "The Stepmother"	( ) Brandon Thomas
14. "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont"	( ) Oscar Wilde
15. "Uncle Vanya"	( ) William Wycherley

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAW

Cool World on a Hot Summer Night

"The Jury Is Still Out," by Irwin D. Davidson and Richard Gehman *(Harper. 308 pp. $4.50), traces the legal complications that attended the sensational Farmer trial. Hilde L. Mosse is school psychiatrist for New York City's Bureau of Child Guidance.*

By Hilde L. Mosse

"THE JURY IS STILL OUT" describes the trial of seven boys, aged fifteen to eighteen, accused of the murder of fifteen-year-old Michael Farmer. It was one of those juvenile gang murders which have become frequent in recent years and rarely come to trial. A report of such a trial is therefore especially interesting.

The murder occurred when boys from two different gangs joined forces to go swimming on a hot summer night. They claimed that other gangs had prevented them from using a public swimming pool because they wanted only white boys in "their" pool. The defendants' gang had Negro, Puerto Rican, and white members. They thought that Michael Farmer and Roger McShane, whom they saw approaching the swimming pool, belonged to the white gang which had made violent threats against them. There was a fight; Farmer was killed and McShane seriously wounded.

One of the authors of this book, Irwin D. Davidson, was the presiding justice in this trial. His thoughts, feelings, and recommendations are woven into the factual description of the courtroom events, which are illustrated with a map and several photographs.

Irwin D. Davidson: "The trial is over."

The strength of this narrative lies in the verbatim quotes of what was said in the courtroom and outside. It shows how difficult it is to get what seem the most elementary facts. Not even the number of boys involved is certain. It is clear only that many more than seven took part in the "incident." Ten boys were sent to reform schools by the Children's Court, about three times as many were arrested, and possibly seventy-five were assembled in the area where the murder took place. One gets the impression that it was an accident that the defendants were actually close to the fatal fight. It could have been any one of the many other boys.

It is difficult to follow the day-by-day record of the trial, with all the objections and other legal technicalities. A list of the principal participants, which is attached to the book, is most helpful, but an organization and explanation of the many events, which differ so much in their importance, would have given a better picture of the personalities and social forces involved. Lack of an historic framework with reference to other pertinent books and trials also limits the value of this very timely book.

The courtroom atmosphere of drama, excitement, and emotionality is conveyed impressively. At times it seems that the seven boys formed only the background for personal antagonisms and passions aroused by their trial. These boys and the members of the jury were the only ones who remained calm throughout. They dared not show their emotions. Sympathy is aroused for all participants, but one wonders whether justice was best served by an uncoordinated defense, with the boys' lawyers arguing against each other. This went so far that one boy was advised to plead guilty, thereby endangering the lives of the six others. The plea was one of the dramatic highlights of the trial. Judge Davidson did not accept the plea and saved the young man from life imprisonment. He was one of three boys found not guilty.

The Farmer trial was sensational but not unique. About two months ago an almost identical trial was in process. The murder also took place near a public swimming pool for years dominated by a gang of white boys who tolerate no Puerto Ricans in "their" pool. Their victim was what they considered a Puerto Rican. The same number of boys (seven) were on trial, the District Attorney was the same; the witnesses showed effects of the same kind of terror; there were the same accusations of police brutality; the youngest boy was also just beyond the age of fifteen. And so it seems that nothing has changed and that Michael Farmer—as his father so sadly said—really died in vain.

"The trial is over," says Judge Davidson, "but as far as the question of juvenile delinquency is concerned, the jury is still out." Is it really?

The Addicts' Agony

"Who Live in Shadow," by Judge John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris *(McGraw-Hill. 207 pp. $4.50), assails the attitude toward drug addicts held by the U. S. Commissioner of Narcotics. Wenzell Brown wrote "Monkey on My Back" and other books relating to drug addiction. He recently was awarded an "Edgar" for "They Died in the Chair."*

By Wenzell Brown

THIS is probably the most important book published to date on the subject of drug addiction, not because it is strikingly original but because many of the convictions of those who have long worked in this troubled area have at last been openly stated by a public official of the standing of Judge John M. Murtaugh, chief magistrate of the city of New York, and because, for once, a publisher has let down the barriers against a direct attack upon the policies formulated by the United States Commissioner of Narcotics, Dr. Harry J. Anslinger.

Addiction to narcotics is a disease. This has generally been accepted by the public, but the approaches to the problems of this illness have been almost solely legalistic and primarily punitive. It is as absurd, Judge Murtaugh feels, to try to cure addiction by threats of imprisonment as it is to whip a child for catching mumps or to flagellate the victim of arthritis. Nevertheless, harsher and harsher laws are being legislated against the addict, and these laws have been crowned by the Eighty-fourth Congress, which spawned the Boggs Act decreeing the death penalty for ad-

(*Continued on page* 27)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON
Science Editor JOHN LEAR
Poetry Editor JOHN CIARDI
Feature Editor CHARLES J. SOPKIN
Production Manager PEARL M. STEINHAUS
Book Review Editor ROCHELLE GIBSON
Ass't. Book Review Editor ROLLENE W. SAAL

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JAMES THRALL SOBY
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
GILBERT SELDES
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Contents Copyrighted, 1959, by Saturday Review, Inc.

English as She Is Spoken

ENGLISH is a wonderful language and in some respects American English may be even better. No other is more precise and, at the same time, more flexible or more responsive to new needs, and that is because no other has more successfully struck a balance between stability and change. Pedants and purists are always trying to freeze it into a dead language like "good" Latin; the semiliterate are always tending to reduce it to an incoherent jargon only roughly comprehensible even to members within a small group. Each tendency has kept the other in check. If the nineteenth-century schoolmarm had had her way, it would be genteel and prissy; if the illiterate had had their way, it would be a barbarous jargon.

A publication like the *Saturday Review* tries to maintain the balance between pedantry and mere colloquialism. So, for that matter, do most publications addressed to the widest possible public. They are persistently more "correct" than their readers. On the other hand, radio and TV have leaned hard in the other direction and (to take a notorious case) have actually *taught* people to say "like a cigarette should." But the real enemies of minimum decent standards are now the members of a large and influential section of "educators," who have abandoned all faith in education.

They began by revolting against schoolmarm prissiness and then went on to talk about "acceptable English" as opposed to "literary English." That was only a beginning. Consider for example the following from a recent textbook called "The High School Curriculum":

"[English teachers] have suddenly discovered that many is the boy who says 'I ain't got no' because his parents say it, his friends say it, and his community says it. Furthermore, these parents see no reason why they should change or why their sons should change. As the work of linguists has increasingly shown, there is no real absolute in language usage. Communication is the end result, and that language is good which facilitates communication and is inconspicuous.

"To be inconspicuous, the language must conform to group conventions, and group conventions in some communities are often at variance with the conventions of others and of those of the English teacher. . . .

"Though the tradition of presenting young people with the literary classics that 'all cultured people are supposed to know' and trying to make them conform to a single absolute standard in their usage of language still maintains a strong grip on the English programs of the country today, individual schools and the national organizations of English teachers have been proposing different kinds of objectives from those stated above."

In other words, "national organizations of English teachers" now believe if their expensive schools take in a boy whose parents and associates say "Ain't got no" they should keep right on saying it. It will prevent him from being "conspicuous" and, as is now well known, it is just as bad to be conspicuously better than the average as it is to be worse.

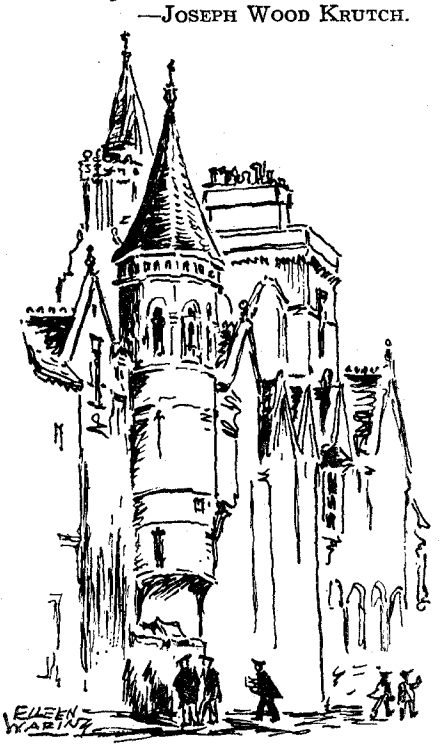
He will "communicate" no doubt, but with whom? Not, for instance, with the group for whom the author of the textbook writes, since he himself sometimes talks gobbledegook, but not usually illiterate grammar and syntax. Obviously, the answer is that he will "communicate" with the uneducated group into which he was born. Obviously, also, he is not to be encouraged to "communicate" with any other. "Social mobility" is supposed to be one of the glories of our civilization. What becomes of it if the school undertakes to confine every pupil to his own social level?

Elsewhere in the same book the author discusses at length the "social dangers" of special opportunities for gifted students. To group them with some regard to ability is to promote "a sort of intellectual caste system." It is, so he says, "undemocratic." Presumably, therefore, democracy implies not that everyone should be encouraged to rise to the highest intellectual, social, and economic level he is capable of reaching, but that everyone should be told to stay right where it has pleased God to put him and to believe that no language, no literature, and no level of intellectual development is better than any other.

If the purpose of classes in English is not to encourage pupils to speak and write in some fashion different from that which they bring into the classroom with them, then what are these classrooms for? You don't need to go to school to use language in the way your parents and your "group" uses it.

American English successfully resisted the efforts of the Victorian schoolmarm to stifle its vitality. Whether it will be equally successful in maintaining itself as even reasonably articulate in the face of the contemporary educators' "democracy" is another question.

—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CERTIFICATION FOR HEROES?

EMOTIONALLY DESENSITIZED as I am, I was still surprised at the letter of Mr. James C. Rose (*SR* June 13). Mr. Rose states that editor Cousins was "legally and emotionally wrong in interfering in a field where [he is] obviously an amateur." My goodness. Mr. Cousins clearly states that "the man broke off, grabbed the woman's pocketbook, and fled on foot." Let this be a warning to all good citizens: do not interfere in obvious cases of robbery; calmly summon the duly invested authorities.

Seriously, this is terrible! Mr. Rose is apparently so worried by the possible consequences of a mistake that he declines to take any part in the problems of others, even if they seem to be in the most desperate need. This is one of the best statements that I have ever seen of the modern credo of avoiding responsibility. For Mr. Rose's sake, I can only hope that the next time he is falling into an open manhole, there is a qualified-by-certificate rescuer nearby.

ROBERT E. RICHARDSON, JR.
Jacksonville, N.C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

ON THE ROAD

IN REFERENCE TO THE Stamford incident, where there was a theft involved, I would like to reply to Mr. James C. Rose. One might follow from his point of view that the Samaritan had no right to interfere with the man who lay beaten and robbed on the road to Jericho. After all, he was an amateur and both the man and the thieves may have needed that experience.

ALTHEA H. NICHOLS.
East Orange, N.J.

ALMOST AS DISTURBING

JAMES C. ROSE'S response in the June 13th issue to N. C.'s account of the incident in Stamford is almost as disturbing as the incident itself. Here was a helpless person threatened with injury or worse and he advises us to leave this to the legal authorities and to permit victim and attacker to reap the possibly beneficial emotional effects of unchecked violence. We should surrender our greatest responsibilities to external authorities and abstractions.

NICHOLAS ORLONSKY.
New York, N.Y.

GENEROUS HEARTS

YOUR GREAT CHARITY towards the poor and needy encourages me to appeal to you for help. For years we have been planning to build sanitary facilities for our school, but we don't have the necessary funds. The number of students increases every year. We have now 340 pupils in the middle school.

Because we are working with the poorest of the poor, it is extremely difficult to make ends meet. The approximate cost will be $1,500. Where do we get this amount except by knocking at generous hearts like yours? If at all possible, send us a M.O. or a cheque, or any other help: books, stationery, etc.

In return our poor children and we nuns will pray daily that God may bless you and all your undertakings.

Our Dear Lord, who even rewards a glass of water given in His Name, will reward you in His own generous way.

MOTHER M. PAULA.
Ursaline Convent,
P.O. Tongo, via Chainpur;
Dt. Ranchi-Bihar, India

GERMAN LITERATURE

I WAS DELIGHTED and perturbed to read Kay Boyle's excellent reviews on some recent books in translation from the German (*SR* May 30). Delighted because the contents and their relationships were expertly covered; perturbed because some of the conclusions stopped short of the real heart of the matter.

True enough, these and other German books—which have not as yet achieved enough condemnation or notoriety to deserve translation into English!—seem antimilitarist, which reminds one with little nostalgia of the literature following World War I with the slogan *"Nie wieder Krieg!"* German sentimentality and lugubrious clamminess have added but little to condemnation or atonement of a people who in the fever of victory-at-any-cost could not, would not, and still do not see the moral guilt, but like the Americans after the war (to paraphrase the reviewer's words) "remain forever alien to the crepuscular dampness." Wiechert's self-conscious not-too-much-atonement complex has already revivified that *Uberheblichkeit* which, quite apparent in the press, is also noticeable in contemporary literature of lesser stature.

One always grieves for those who might have been in the great literary tradition, "who lie dead among the hundreds of thousands of other Germans on Russian soil," as one always grieves for any young cut off in life before they had a chance to live knowingly, but these tears must not be restricted to the dead of one nation.

BORIS ERICH NELSON.
Hampton, Va.

FIVE-RING CIRCUS

YOUR TREATMENT OF the school-integration problem (*SR* May 23) left me wondering as most printed matter does nowadays.

Under the guise of a "progress report," you presented a five-ring circus of trained apologists, intellectual tight-rope walkers, literary acrobats, and professional pussyfooters, all for the amusement of an already brainwashed crowd. How typically American it would have been for one [of the authors] to break away from the pack and howl injustice. How brave it would have been for at least one to plot his course from heart, through brain, to literary talent.

For the love of freedom—why should we tolerate bigotry at all? Why should the delicate virtue of patience be dissipated on people who violate other peoples' rights?

HERMAN H. LIPNEY.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

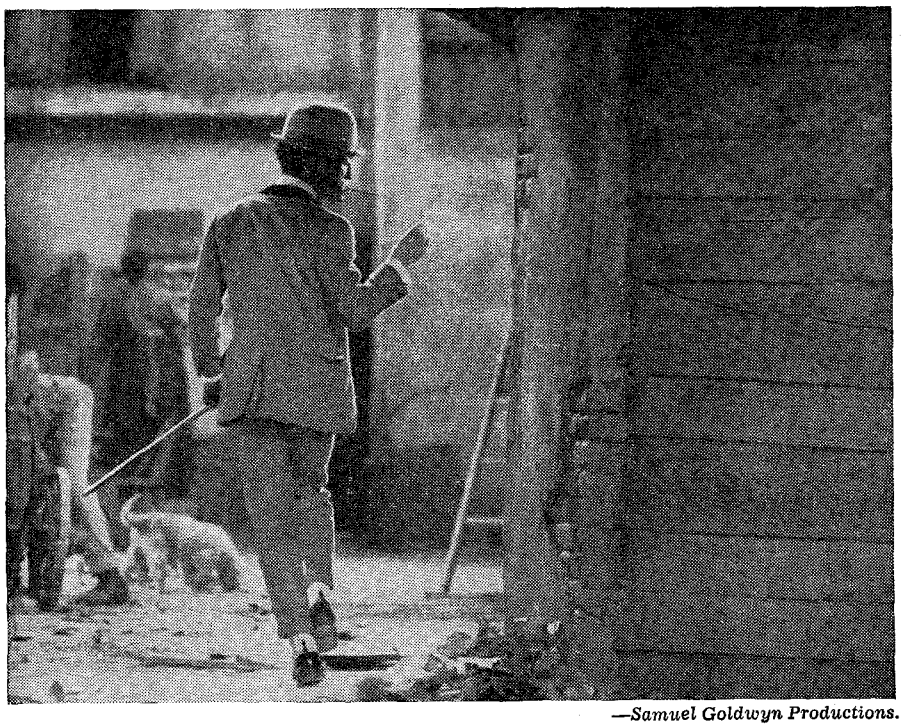
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Catfish Row in Todd-AO

IN THE quarter century since George Gershwin's **"Porgy and Bess"** was first presented, the melodic folk opera has undergone the transformation from Broadway flop to popular classic. It has been successfully revived a number of times, and has toured the world as a sort of unofficial "good-will ambassador." There have been innumerable recordings and concert renditions of the score, while "Bess, You Is My Woman Now" probably ranks second only to "Old Man River" as a favorite baritone solo. All of this would seem to make "Porgy and Bess" pretty unassailable, and to justify any expense that Samuel Goldwyn went to in acquiring the property for the screen. Clearly, making "Porgy" into a movie was a labor of love for Mr. Goldwyn, and he has spared none of his formidable resources to make it as impressive and popular as possible. It must be stated, however, that its impressiveness lies primarily in the performances—and its ultimate popularity is open to question.

The cast that Mr. Goldwyn has assembled is, almost without exception, flawless. For range and intensity, no previous stage incarnation has brought together a troupe that can match Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, Brock Peters, and Sammy Davis, Jr. Poitier, with his singular combination of gentleness and strength, manages to invest the crippled Porgy with a heart-rending dignity, even though he must play the entire role stumbling about on his knees. Miss Dandridge's tragic eyes and womanly warmth elevate Bess from a conventionally sexy good-bad girl to a forlorn, tormented creature, who sins out of weakness rather than viciousness. Brock Peters as the villainous Crown moves with the imperious grace of a lion; one need merely see him to know why he is feared along Catfish Row. These are beautiful people, and their personalities give fire and passion to the film. Sammy Davis, Jr., although no beauty, is a source of constant fascination as he twirls and springs and minces through the role of Sportin' Life, lively as a rubber ball, evil as the "happy dust" he leaves in his wake.

Nor can one fault the sound track in any way. Todd-AO's six-channel sound system offers a fidelity of recording rarely heard in theatres—and the Goldwyn studio literally spent more time in recording than shooting "Porgy and Bess." Under André Previn's direction, the music achieves an unprecedented richness and sonority, while the carefully selected singing voices emerge from the loudspeakers clear, pure, and powerful. Of the principals, only Pearl Bailey and Sammy Davis, Jr., do their own singing. The others (uncredited either on the screen, in the printed program, or on the sound-track LP) include Robert McFerrin for Poitier, Adele Addison for Miss Dandridge, Inez Matthews for Ruth Attaway (Serena), and Loulie Jean Norman for Diahann Carroll (Clara). All of them are magnificent, lending an aural opulence to the score that makes even the most familiar aria seem fresh and vivid once more.



—*Samuel Goldwyn Productions.*

Sammy Davis, Jr., as Sportin' Life—"cinematic magic"

BUT there the credits suddenly stop. One can praise Irene Sharaff's colorful, stylish costumes, but the question immediately arises are they not perhaps too rich, too stylish for Catfish Row? Oliver Smith's settings are eminently functional, but theatrical to such a degree that they clash with an obviously real fishing wharf, an excursion steamer, and the second-act picnic on Kittiwah Island. (In addition, the interiors all tend to look about six times the size of the exteriors that are supposed to house them.) Hermes Pan's dances—and particularly the one he contrived for Sammy Davis, Jr., and chorus to the exuberant "It Ain't Necessarily So"—seem curiously stale and unimaginative, scarcely tapping the talent that is on hand. The dubbing of the singing voices is often painfully apparent. And, under Otto Preminger's direction, the huge Todd-AO screen seems to stagnate as the camera stands by immobile, respectfully waiting for the actors to finish a song.

Because "Porgy and Bess" has become a classic, it is now a bit awkward—and perhaps also unnecessary—to point out the numerous deficiencies that have always made music critics reluctant to admit it fully into the ranks of opera. Gershwin was unquestionably one of the greatest writers of melody that the world has ever known. Unquestionably too, in "Porgy and Bess" he extended this gift far beyond Tin Pan Alley and musical-comedy limitations. But for all his *recitatives* (here reduced to a minimum) and choruses and protracted arias, Gershwin never mastered the art of translating dramatic tensions into song—as is made almost too obvious in the aria, "What You Want Wid Bess," sung while Crown is trying forcibly to retake his woman. At such moments, the action stops and the song takes over.

Such interludes are acceptable enough, if no longer particularly admired, in the conventions of grand opera and musical comedy. The screen, however, works from another set of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conventions entirely. The eye demands constant stimulation; the ear, dominant in the theatre, is only a secondary partner at the movies. Despite its theatrelike dimensions, the ultra-wide screen seems to demand even more movement, more physical action than ever before. The actors seem huge but *remote* except when they are in motion. In addition, the very act of singing—expressing an emotion in an artful but artificial way—is anathema to the hyper-realistic camera. The camera has its own way of expressing an emotion. It prefers to show us in close-up the twitch of an eye, the tremor of a lip, the flick of a hand. In "Porgy and Bess," there is more genuinely cinematic magic in the moment when Sammy Davis, Jr., walking down a cobbled street, casually strikes a match against a wall without breaking stride, than in all the other 145 minutes of the movie put together.

Otto Preminger, however, has chosen to direct his picture with the utmost regard for the music. Rarely does he move his camera while a song is in progress; almost never does he cut from one angle to another. Even between the arias there is a minimum of cutting. Visual variety is achieved on occasion by swinging the camera, or by dolly shots that dart from one portion of the set to another, but there are some shots that run unbroken for five minutes or more. Of close-ups there is not a single one. As a result, the static qualities inherent in the operatic form are now there upon the screen, magnified a hundredfold by Todd-AO.

All of which leads to the basic question, just how good is this "Porgy and Bess"? It is difficult to give an unqualified answer. As a production it is superb; Mr. Goldwyn has made every million show. Sound, singing, acting—one could scarcely imagine, much less ask for, better craftsmanship. But his love for Gershwin and his music led Goldwyn to attempt a work that probably could not be translated properly to the screen under any circumstances. And Mr. Preminger's stubborn adherence to the principle that wide screens have altered the basic rules of film making has resulted in a picture even more static than it need be. The final effect, I'm afraid, is summed up in a line uttered by Clara just before she rushes out into the hurricane: "I'm almost out of my mind with all this singing." —Arthur Knight.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Love and Marriage

London.

LONDON now has two plays about what happens when a "happily married" wife falls in love with another man. The first, **"The Grass Is Greener,"** by Hugh and Margaret Williams, is the sort of sentimental, upper-crust comedy that appeals to escapist British audiences. The transgressing wife is Lady Hilary, a lovely and well-bred woman, who is, nevertheless, susceptible to the idea of a romantic adventure under the right circumstances. The authors seem to imply that in the old days these circumstances would never have been allowed to exist. She would have been happily imprisoned in her husband's castle and surrounded by an England where every man knew his place. But today's England is changing because of a tax structure that forces the aristocracy to throw its homes open to the public a couple of times a week, and because of the constant infiltration of American brashness, which ignores all the traditional forms that formerly guaranteed a Briton's privacy. In the play, this old-line aristocracy is represented by her husband, Lord Victor, who wryly comments, "In order to commemorate the number of liberties Americans have taken in England since the war, there should be a Statue of Liberty of our own."

The liberty involved in this play is the one taken by a touring American oil millionaire, who deliberately invades the private portion of the castle to seduce this cultivated flower of Old England. What will his Lordship, who is too proud to have his wife back on any grounds short of being preferred to his adversary, do to meet this invasion in a gentlemanly and yet effective way? The mechanics of his campaign are lightly amusing, partially because of the antics of Joan Greenwood as a selfish, sexy, and shockingly candid "friend" of the family. And while the ending of the play is not terribly convincing, it leaves the audience happy that the traditional lord still has what it takes in the clutch to defeat the rich American.

THE other comedy of adultery, Graham Greene's **"The Complaisant Lover,"** drops down a couple of social levels, but up at least two dramatic ones, with a dentist's wife who has fallen in love with a bookseller. Lacking the resources and pride of a lord, the crushed dentist, also named Victor, begs for and arrives at an arrangement whereby his wife can have both her lover and her family.

But Mr. Greene is neither a lighthearted sophisticate or a naïve sentimentalist, and his ending is not offered as a happy solution. He is concerned with two men whose love is responsible, mature, and has relatively little to do with lust, pride, or romantic illusions: the husband who stopped sleeping with his wife when he sensed he was no longer giving her pleasure; and the lover who could only manage to love married women, but who always ended up losing out to their husbands.

Perhaps the author is subtly suggesting that once love passes its innocent and sensual phase, it becomes a religion of giving, and that the husband can always outdo the lover by giving the lover to his wife. Thus the lover is, against his will, changed from the selfish marauder to the complaisant third party, who must allow himself to be given.

Both plays get farcical fun out of the chances and mischances of deception, but Mr. Greene keeps complaining that the fact his play is funny is proof that these days "we're not allowed a tragedy without a banana skin to slip on." And he cleverly synthesizes this idea by having the tearful dentist, who has just discovered his wife's infidelity, sit down on his own practical-joker's musical cushion.

But despite the wonderfully sensitive sadness that Sir Ralph Richardson brings to the role of the dentist, and the unequivocal persistence Paul Scofield keeps in the character of the adulterer, "The Complaisant Lover" leaves one feeling that the total drama is not yet fully written. The dentist and the housewife are truly drawn but reveal little interesting complexity of character. And the bookseller, who obviously interests the author the most, gives us not much more than the visible portion of the iceberg. He never really has his say the way, for instance, Marchbanks does in "Candida."

This defect may not bother audiences as much as it will those who expect more profundity from any work by Graham Greene. However, "The Complaisant Lover" is both entertaining and true and sends us home, as all good plays should, with something to think about. —Henry Hewes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Retreat of Napoleon

THE boat that takes tourists to pleasant exile on the isle of Elba departs several times daily from the frenzied little port of Piombino, two hours by train from Rome, or four hours if you drive along the via Aurelia, which stretches along the fringe of the coastline clear to Genoa.

Beyond its spectacular views, its sandy beaches, and its memories of Napoleon, there was not much for the traveler to Elba as recently as 1948. In that year, a hillside villa in the village of Poggia was transformed into a hotel called the Fonte Napoleone. It was named for a spring nearby and is also the name of the island's bottled mineral water. Now there are some forty hotels scattered all over Elba and a brand new ferry boat plies back and forth several times a day fetching Germans, French, Swiss, odd-balls in strange straw headgear, priests in sailor hats leading groups of school children, street musicians, a few pioneering Americans, and a lower deck full of Fiats, Renaults, Alfa Romeos, Volkswagens, motor scooters, motorcycles, and gigantic trucks.

All this cargo is transported in an hour and a half or so at a rate that the ferries plying the routes in the eastern United States—Martha's Vineyard is one that comes to mind—might admire. Thirty cents for adults and $5 for a medium-sized foreign car. A full-course luncheon is served in plenty of time before the boat stops briefly at Cavo and then puts in finally to the old iron harbor of Portoferraio. To be sure Portoferraio is no resort, but it is a harbor of great charm all the same and its history goes back beyond the Etruscans, who were the first to mine the island's iron. Walls and buildings line the harbor's edge where handsome yachts and houseboats from England ride at anchor not far from the aging rigging of the bark now used as a school ship by the Italian navy.

White-clad sailors stride the embarcadero, and so do village youths and village belles and Vespas and horse-drawn carriages painted brown and shielded from the sun and from prying village eyes by canvas curtains. The Darsena is the best hotel and it fits in the wall of the city like a chunk of the ramparts. Its long, awning-shaded dining loggia, its street-side bar and the terraces appended to its room upstairs all look out on the bustle of the waterfront, the water, and the hills beyond.

Modern invaders can breach the ramparts of Portoferraio and gain the inner town merely by walking through the lobby of the Darsena Hotel. But it is certainly a more evocative approach to amble down the street a few yards and enter through the portals in the old walls. Inside, the square cafes offer to make you a *calzone*, a sort of covered pizza, or sell you a small souvenir barrel of Aleatico, the deep sweet red wine of the island, or Moscato, the white. In Elba, the vines are planted in the lowlands where they will be protected from the winds of the sea. Cradled in the hollows they absorb the sun and yield a sweet wine that is 17 per cent alcohol.

TOURISTS ON EXILE ISLE—Strolling in the gardens of Napoleon's villa in the Medici fort at Portoferraio, Elba.

Long staircases lead up the hills toward the castle of Cosimo I of the Medicis, who bought Portoferraio in 1545, fortified it, and renamed it Cosmopoli, successfully defending it in 1553 from the invasions of the French and the Turks. After a fretful history during which Elba was bandied back and forth between the Appiani, the Spaniards, the King of Naples, and France, it was finally awarded to Napoleon as Princedom and an island of exile. Bonaparte spent his first drafty night here in the Preturia Municipio, the city hall in the old town behind the ramparts. In the Chiesa della Misericordia, a short trudge up the hills, is the emperor's death mask which with a sculpturing of one delicate almost girlish Napoleonic hand is kept in a black and gold sarcophagus, a copy of the original which holds Napoleon's remains now in the Invalides at Paris. On the fifth of May each year, the Confreria della Misericordia hold a special mass and parade through the ancient alleys dressed in black masks.

Napoleon's mother lived in a simple house on a hilly street, and apparently paid her own bills. Among the scribbled notes in Bonaparte's hand on view in his villa inside Cosimo's castle, is his comment across a bill sent by a local merchant with whom his mother had dealt and presented by an aide for payment. "If she incurred it, let her pay it," was the rather unfilial reply. The long strings of rooms are fitted out with a few of the original chairs, his original bed, an ornate thing of white and gold festooned with lyres and swans and covered by the mantle worn by Josephine, Queen of Italy. When he arrived in Elba, aged forty-five, Napoleon had long since left Josephine and had married Maria Louise, whose room was prepared and kept waiting. But Maria Louise never came since, according to the local historian, she was detained at Vienna by her Austrian lover, Graf Neipperg. Maria Walewska did come, bringing their small son, but the meeting between Napoleon and his Polish mistress was tempestuous and she stayed only a short time before reboarding her ship.

For Napoleon there was the administration of the island, a tiny and almost ridiculous domain for one who had ruled most of Europe; there was his library which contained, as it does today, a complete set of the newspaper *Moniteur Universal* from 24 November 1789 to 30 June 1813; and there were walks through his gardens with their view of the sea and the approaching ships inbound for Portoferraio. In the warm weather there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was another villa, a few kilometers away in the country. Napoleon stayed for 300 days, then landed near Cannes and embarked on the fateful hundred days that led to ruin at Waterloo and the end at St. Helena.

While something of a refuge from the fates that await those who set foot on Cannes, or for that matter Capri or Cap d'Antibes, Elba, these post-Napoleon days, is not exactly a place of barren exile. Each little curving bay has its own beach anchored by its own bright, new hotel. On the curving gulf of Biodolo, the Hotel Hermitage shares the beach with the colorful encampment of tenting tourists. The hotel's guests sleep the summer nights in cottages scattered down the hillside all the way to the sea's very edge. The community gathers for meals in a three-tiered glass-walled dining room strung with lanterns, and there is a wide terrace looking out to sea, spread with straw chairs. In June the rate here is 4000-4400 lire (figure about 615 to the dollar) plus 16 per cent for tips, plus 120 lire *tax de séjour*, plus a small bite for a stamp, which attests to the fact that all these transactions were done legally. Should the weather not be quite what it ought to be, as the management so delicately puts it, and the furnace need be turned on, there will be a small heating charge of 300 lire a day. Despite these niggling nuisance charges, the high rate in the high August season all inclusive is still less than $10 a day.

Nestled in the adjoining cove is the Hotel del Golfo, the hotel of the gulf, a charming establishment in crisp modern decor perched at the edge of the Gulf of Procchio. Since zoning laws prohibit big buildings on Elba, the hotel is adding to its sixty-room terrace-hung shaft with a pair of annexes, both of them overlooking a new swimming pool, an outdoor dance floor, a pair of clay tennis courts, an outdoor pizzeria, and the far prison island of Capraio.

A few kilometers up the seaside is the old Medici village of Marciana Marina, but just before it is the rocky islet called the Scoglio di Paolina, or Pauline's Reef in honor of Napoleon's sister, who was supposed to have been fond of skinny dipping here. A half-destroyed Medici Tower anchors one end of the harbor where the fishermen spread their red nets. Four dollar-a-day pensions are tucked away in Marciana Marina and so is the island's best restaurant, the Marinella, a low-ceilinged den that specializes in grilled lobsters done the American way—an almost impossible find elsewhere in Italy.

To my mind the best beach is on the south shore on the Gulf of Campo. The French have set up summer shop here in a settlement of thatched huts, while across the bay the Germans are encamped under a group of green tents. In the neutral ground between is the charming hotel called the Iselba hidden in a piney woodland looking out to the white sand beach and across the gulf to the greening hills and the fishing village of Marina di Campo. Far out in the sea is the isolated uninhabited isle of Montechristo.

Marina di Campo is a mad welter of fishing boats, tourists, lobster pots, eel baskets, nets, masts and rigging. Smart little boutiques have sprouted in the alleys displaying bikinis, expensive silk beachware, and island-made straw bags. They will be cheaper buying them at the general stores.

In the dusk we drove our Fiat back over the spine of the ridge line into Portoferraio and had a Pizza Vesuvio under the hull of a discarded Panamanian ship at a waterside funhouse called the Pizzeria e Trattoria Caratteristica Napoletana da Zi Rosa. The next morning we steered the Fiat into the maw of the ferry and in short order were disembarked on the mainland and rolling south again on the via Aurelia towards Rome. Hat pasters might like to make note of the attractive restaurant in a Saracen tower located at the edge of the sea at Ansedonia, a place becoming a popular spa for Americans. To my taste Santa Marinella, down the pike, the retreat chosen by Rosellini in his Bergman days is more lively and attractive, and is handier to Rome.

There was a night of luxury in the deep down of the Excelsior looking over the dawdlers in Doney's on the sidewalk below, one last day in Rome, and then we rode the lovely Appia Antica in the dusk past gypsy carts and lovers to the airport at Ciampino. Dinner was served high over Europe and after it we gazed long and earnestly at Alitalia's map on which we could trace our route from Rome north to *Parigi* and *Dublino* then across the *Oceano Atlantico* to the *Stati Uniti*, a strange land dotted with such landmarks as *Isola Long*, *Capo Hatteras*, and between them the metropolis known as *Filadelfia*.

We awoke in the misty morning hours of a June morning to find ourselves flying over the snow-white wastelands which we hoped to be Terranova. It was five A.M., New York time and there we were eating artichokes for breakfast, and listening to the mellifluous Pinza voice of the pilot describing our position, which was, by then, over the edge of Nuova Scozia. Ahead lay old Nuova York, the Grande Via Bianca, and *Casa Mia, Casa Mia.*

—Horace Sutton.

The Law

Continued from page 21

dicts who may be forced into the traffic by their disease's demands.

Presumably it is the responsibility and obligation of the Bureau of Narcotics to protect the victims of the international drug cartel, but this has not been done. Although the directors of this criminal syndicate and their methods of operation are widely known, the top men and their lieutenants have remained strangely immune from arrest. Instead the victims of the drug rings have been victimized many times over by our courts and our laws. As Judge Murtagh claims, "No other country in the world has been so sadistic in dealing with addicts."

Except for three completely inadequate hospitals scattered through the country, the addict is deprived by law of medical care. Even educational programs have been attacked by Commissioner Anslinger. Where, then, can the addict turn for help? He has virtually been handed over to the underworld, which can use him as it sees fit to further the interests of organized crime. Is this

an accident? Judge Murtagh thinks not. He feels that it is inherent in the attitude of Dr. Anslinger, whom he quotes as labeling the addicts, in whose interest he should be acting, as "immoral vicious social lepers."

The time has come for a reappraisal of the policies which have failed so abysmally to stop the spread of drug addiction. Judge Murtagh has not come up with all the answers but he has blueprinted in "Who Live in Shadow" a plan, centering around out-patient clinics for addicts, which is humane, economical, and based on sound judgment. Whether the patterns he advocates are to be accepted or rejected, they are worthy of thoughtful consideration, for a public which takes the problem of its youth seriously cannot ignore his warning that "our present drug laws are immoral in principle and ineffectual in operation."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 13, 10, 14, 15, 7, 4, 9, 8, 12, 1, 5, 11, 2, 6, 3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Opera on the Ring, Cozy "Cosi"

VIENNA.

OPERA in Vienna, one soon learns, is less a form of entertainment as it is in New York, or identified with a social season as it is in London, or even a way of life, as it is in Milan, than a compulsion. Few Viennese can be indifferent to the handsomely reconstructed State Opera on the Ring, for it confronts them on the way to work or home again, no matter what their destination. Many of them go sooner, or later, with or without a specific interest in the music that is being performed, but because one may be out of the conversation, otherwise.

But the compulsion, if so it be, is subject to stringent regulation. Come a minute late for the overture, and you may be kept out until the next "pause"—which, in the case of "Tristan," may be an hour and a half later. Sometimes a kindly usher will make an exception, if your seat is on the aisle, and smuggle you in at the next "applause." If the cast of a "Don Carlo," for example, does not arouse applause where applause should be heard, he will shrug his shoulders, intimating that it is the fault of the singers, not his, that you are kept out.

Smoking and the control thereof is a major occupation of an unlimited number of functionaries. "Unlimited," that is, for the reason that anyone assigned to anything may become a public conscience at the sight of a glowing butt in the wrong corridor or lobby of the theatre. One can understand the apprehension, considering the lengthy reconstruction after fire that preceded the reopening, finally, in 1955. But a cigarette is hardly a napalm bomb, and the places where smoking is "verboten" give no evidence of being more inflammable than those where it is permitted. It is, rather, an instinct for regimentation that establishes places which are on limits and off to preserve an orderly relationship between impulse and authority.

Thus, there are spacious foyers that run the length of the building on both the Kärnerstrasse and the Operngasse sides. But only one—the latter—has an intermission buffet, crowded to suffocation by searchers for coffee, snacks, or drinks. It would seem reasonable to create a counterpart on the other side, and divide up the crowd, but that might distract attention from the million-schilling tapestries based on Mozart's "Magic Flute," which adorn the otherwise unused salon. The numbers of those paying attention to them on half a dozen evenings I visited the theatre would hardly have been disturbed by a serving counter.

Perhaps the deepest crisis that can be created occurs when one exercises a human prerogative to depart from the norm—which, in Vienna's official arrangements is the one, the only conceivable mode of behavior. As, for example, when I walked to the top gallery, and rang for the elevator to go down to the "parkett." The attendant was used to people riding up, and walking down: but what do you do with somebody who walks up, and rides down? This serious situation was intensified when, on arriving at the ground-floor destination, the electric power failed for the moment, and the doors were poised, half open.

With the second act of "Tristan" about to begin, and the prospect of missing it at hand, direct measures were called for. I applied a bit of pressure to each door, and they rolled away easily. I was, in moments, followed by the attendant crying "Kaput! Kaput!" It seemed that he had been told the doors would open *only* when the current was on, and nothing like this had ever happened before.

For that matter, it is possible that nothing akin to the Karajan-Praetorius production of "Tristan" has happened in Vienna since the composer's own nearly a hundred years ago (it ended in failure). It presents Herbert von Karajan in his famous double-hatted role of conductor and stage director. Despite Praetorius's endeavor to do everything humanly possible to deromanticize this most romantic of operas, it fails ingloriously, the music triumphing glorious thanks to the overwhelming performance of the score by the great orchestra and the youthfully vibrant, compellingly musical singing of Birgit Nilsson as Isolde.

Without question this youngish Swedish soprano is the first thoroughly equipped singer for this music since Flagstad and Traubel. She is not particularly reminiscent of either, for the voice has a body, strength, and steely power of penetration all its own. Given a conductor of strong impulse, she could doubtless produce almost any kind of nuance wanted. What Karajan wanted was mostly one more "instrumental" quality to complete the tone-poem-with-voices as he conceives this score.

For a certainty, Miss Nilsson can sing any part of the text, high or low, with sure, even centered sound, and she has sufficient grasp of the dramatic detail to remind us that Isolde is a princess, not a serving maid, with a grip on her emotions that prevent the kind of raving and ranting sometimes heard. Without her, and Karajan's shrewdly planned (rather than eloquent) performance of the score, this would have been a Tristan of limited appeal, for Wolfgang Windgassen's Tristan is as prosaic as a court attendant shouting "Oyez Oyez," and the other members of the cast, may be bracketed as competent and unremarkable: Otto Wiener (Kurvenal), Gottlob Frick (King Mark), and Hilde Rössel-Majdan.

AS FOR the Praetorious production, it seems determined to contravene Wagner at every turn, while adding nothing valid of its own. The first-act "ship" consists largely of an enormous prow at stage rear, and diaphanous drapes to suggest sails. Kurvenal comes up through a trap door (there is no crew in sight), and Tristan wanders in from stage left where he has been counting porpoises. The whole effect of his brooding presence in the background is thus sacrificed. In Act II, a large tree, and the projected branches of others, serve for atmosphere in a scene in shadow from first to last, though the composer felt that the harsh touch of daybreak at the end would contribute to the drama.

On the whole, the most satisfying operatic experience of the current June Festival is to be heard not in the elaborately appointed opera house but in its historic counterpart around the corner where Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" is being performed in the Redoutensaal. This is merely an oversized ballroom, whose appointments lend themselves ideally to a concert-cum-costume performance of Mozart's most sophisticated score. The substantially Salzburg production (Oscar Fritz Schuh's) provides alternating casts under the baton of Karl Böhm which ran to Schwarzkopf-Ludwig-Loose, and Simoneau-Kunz-Schoeffler when I was present. It could hardly be better.

Like its larger neighbor on the Ring, which has a motif of gold on white, the white-on-gold Redoutensaal looks almost good enough to eat. Indeed, some inspired pastry baker might creat a giant confection of vanilla icing and maple syrup striping to honor one or the other. If so, the two Viennese compulsions could be comprehended in a single "consuming" impulse. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

HISTORICAL DATA—Any subject. Any year. Boyd Service, Delafield, Wisconsin.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79th St.), NYC, TRafalgar 9-9177.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS. Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

BOOK AND BOOKLET PRODUCTION from manuscript to bound copies—without evaluation or merchandising. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 391 East 149 St., N.Y.C. 55.

TYPING, professional. Peggy Sweet, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED: English, German, Italian, French. Translations: German, French. Educated, versatile woman. Good steno. Box J-173.

BOOKS

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, N.Y.

BUY AND SELL BETTER BOOKS at auction by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample catalogue on request. California Book Auction Company, 1228 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, California.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUES—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Try me first! Box 2570 R, Long Beach 1, California.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKSEARCHERS! Name it—we find it! VANGUARD BOOKSELLERS, 5880 R Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

WE CAN FIND THE BOOKS you want. Maximum speed, minimum cost. QUEENS BOOKS, Box 188, Long Island City 4, New York.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

ART

PICASSO "Les Saltimbanques," 4 original etchings, 1905. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64-65 St.).

COLOR SLIDES of other planets—paintings, space models—Catalogue, sample, 25¢. Morris Dollens, 4372 Coolidge Avenue, Los Angeles 66, California.

15th-19th CENTURY Japanese paintings, woodblock color prints. Originals. Surprisingly inexpensive. Box H-972.

HOBBIES

VIEW POSTCARDS—exchange by mail wanted. Only U.S.A. Box J-159.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free list. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P.O. Box 155A, Verona, New Jersey.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass, recorders, spinets. Sperrhake harpsichords, Homer Ledford Kentucky Dulcimers. Free catalogues. 7-9-A, HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

LET ME LOVE YOU . . . limited edition album of PORTIA NELSON singing twelve BART HOWARD songs, beautifully arranged by RALPH BURNS. Eight of these songs have never been recorded before. This album will appeal to those who know the wonderful musical taste of Portia and Bart, and who will welcome a chance to get something not available in record stores. Please send $5 to Forest Distributing Company, 47 Bay State Road, Boston, Massachusetts, and the record will be sent to you by return mail.

PERSONALS

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS—Baroque woodwinds and brasses. Write Wayne Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, Statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—economical, insured household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. The Padded Wagon, ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16.

SEEK COLLEGE GRADUATE liberal arts background. Interesting, individualized work, nice salary. Box G-184.

TRADITIONAL BAWNEEN; West of Ireland crimson; woolnet; upholstery tweeds. Carol Brown, Putney 44, Vermont.

AFRICAN WOOD CARVINGS. Illustrated folder free. Hill Enterprises, P.O. Box 26-W, Massapequa Park, New York.

VISITING PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND? Call at "Thymewood," Stanhope, for Canadian Handcrafts.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493. NYC.

RELAX—A RESORT of distinction. All rooms with private bath. Swimming pool, golf, excellent cuisine. West Point Farms. 40 miles from NYC. Central Valley, New York. WAbash 8-7895.

UPI FEATURE WRITER wants magazine, Sunday supplement work. Box J-98.

PERSONALS

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 515 Madison Avenue, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464.

CHARMING Madison Square Park—Attractive one room studio suites, with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Ave., NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

AGENT WANTED: CASH COMMISSIONS at once, taking orders for magazines every family wants! No experience needed. For FREE money-making kit, with everything you need, write McGregor Magazine Agency, Dept. 751, Mount Morris, Illinois.

INTELLIGENT, SECRETARY-HOUSEKEEPER, wanted by middle-aged businessman. Limited travel. References. Box J-126.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Complete survey all possibilities, government and private – administrative, teaching, secretarial, technical, newspaper—$1.00. Included free "Directory of American Companies in Sixty Countries." Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 26-X, Massapequa Park, N.Y.

HAVING DRINKING PROBLEM?—Have lodge on private island near Fort Myers. Family atmosphere, understanding care. Facilities available for treatment, relaxation and recovery. Estrellita Lodge, P.O. Box 44, Bokeelia, Florida. OWens 8-2501.

ARTIST, TOPS, though not affluent, will sell reasonably now. Opportunity. Box J-155.

MALE, COLLEGE GRADUATE, desires position as private gardener. Box J-163.

PUBLICIST, M.A. sociology, wide experience college publicity, seeks relocation NYC. Box J-135.

COLLEGE GRADUATE. Single, 37. Travel, relocate. Business Administration, Economics. Desires position connected with outdoor activities and sports. Box J-77.

PIANO M.M. has much to offer in teaching field. Excellent background and references. Box J-154.

JAPANESE LESSONS WANTED. Gentleman seeks Japanese teacher, graduate or university student. ORegon 5-6597 NYC.

EXECUTIVE HOUSEKEEPER-SECRETARY. Well educated, cultured woman will manage large home for busy individual or semi-invalid. Secretarial, accounting, nursing experience with state license. Free to live or travel anywhere. Adept in dealing with others. Drive a car. Excellent references. Prefer the West, South or Northwest. Box J-150.

INTELLIGENT, CAPABLE, EXPERIENCED woman, excellent educational and social background, wants work as housemother, home manager, or governess/counselor to young people. Not servant type. Box J-165.

TUTOR WANTED. Woman, winter, Florida, non-smoker. Please state experience, salary desired beyond all living expenses. Box J-174.

PERSONABLE AMERICAN TEACHER (English, all subjects), 30, desires European position as tutor (grades 7 to 12) or secretary, writer, etc. Arrival contingent on employment. Box J-180.

TENNIS ANYONE? Well chipped asphalt court and thrice mended net provide challenge to championship form. Other sports equipment guaranteed to frustrate the competent. Write Registrar, Urbana College, Urbana, Ohio.

KHUKIS ARE EXOTIC den wallhangers. Select, $9. Regular, $7, 2/$13. Box J-91.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CAPE COD—3 acres, 400' beach, main, guest, boat houses, studio and barn. $45,000 furnished. Douglas Stewart, Scudder Lane, Barnstable, Massachusetts.

65 WOODED ACRES AND CABIN near Wolfeboro, New Hampshire. $2,750. Lemmon, Aurora, Ohio.

MODERNIZED, OLD 7 room house in beautiful Vermont village. Large plot. 2 baths, hot air oil furnace, fireplace, garage. Excellent condition. $12,000. Box J-156.

(Continued on page 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 29)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater, Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning, swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

TENANTS HARBOR, MAINE. 4 bedrooms, Bay front Cape Cod. Sandy beach. All conveniences. August, $350. Box J-171.

SQUAM LAKE, New Hampshire. Summer cottage. 5 bedrooms, electricity, hot water, fireplace. Lake frontage. Near Meredith. Ideal for family with children. $400 monthly. Box J-152.

SECLUDED COTTAGE in pine forest, Byrdcliffe mountainside, Woodstock, N.Y. Stone fireplace, screened sleeping porch. Equipped for simple housekeeping. Available July-August or longer. Box J-164.

2 HOURS NEW YORK. Rustic cabin in 220 acres in Connecticut woods on private lake. Simply furnished —3 bedrooms, living room, fireplace, electric kitchen, rowboat. $175 month, July—October or $750 by year. Telephone WHite Plains 6-9302.

ADIRONDACK LAKE. Furnished cottage, modern conveniences. Monthly, seasonal. YUkon 2-0209 NYC after 10 P.M., Box J-172.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

YORKTOWN HEIGHTS — Delightful farmhouse—secluded, extensive grounds, convenient commuting. Ideal for literary or artistic family. 3 bedrooms. *Children with pets preferred.* YOrktown Heights 2-8002.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY ESTATES $13,000 and up. 420 acre farm $30,000. New Motel, furnishings, excellent view $64,000. Old farms, etc. $5,000 and up. R. Thelma Ignaszewski, Broker, Brattleboro, Vermont, ALpine 4-9437.

ANDOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Artist, craftsman's *home and connected workshop, individual heat.* $11,500. Ken Taylor, Box 1, Penacook, New Hampshire.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

ART HISTORIAN'S spacious, beautiful, furnished brownstone duplex garden apartment, art collection remains. 1 year sublet. 15 West 70, NYC. $300 month. *July 15 occupancy.* ENright 9-4526, Box J-181.

APARTMENTS WANTED

To Share

WIDOW—cultured, young, considerate—seeks counterpart with share-able apartment. Professionally employed. References. ONLY Washington Square—Lower 5th, University—6th. Box J-175.

VACATIONS

EUROPE NEAR HOME: *Continental size bedrooms*—old world service—all usual resort life overlooking the ocean. *Formal or informal dining.* HOTEL DENNIS, ATlantic City 4-8111.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Summer again! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? *Charming*, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Conn. Open all year.

SUMMER VACATIONS on farms and hotels. Welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

BIRCHWOOD INN—*the inn with a personality.* Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

WINDY HILL, R.D. 1, WALDEN, N. Y. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh 1232.

VACATIONS

CRAGSMOOR INN, *Cragsmoor*, New York. Delightful, peaceful and quiet mountaintop inn, surrounded by scenic golf course. Tennis. Country Club pool. Public dining room. Excellent food and service. Buffets. Ninety (90) miles New York City. Phone WAlker 5-5638.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal *vacation for thinking people. Writing, lectures,* discussions. For 1959 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

NEAR TANGLEWOOD. Why pay inflated Tanglewood Festival prices? Enjoy cool, non-transit village. $6.00 room per couple. Write Cina's, Sandisfield, Massachusetts.

VACATION THIS YEAR in the secluded peaceful atmosphere of Gardenside Lodge of Bonnie Oaks, *on beautiful Lake Morey. Open June 19—October 13.* COMPLETE VACATION PACKAGE: 7 days—7 nights. Landside, $77; lakeside, $91 per person, double occupancy. Includes comfortable room with private bath, 3 bounteous Vermont meals daily, and tips. Free entertainment. Swimming, square and round dancing, mountain cookouts, bridge, bingo, outdoor buffets, tennis, scheduled hikes, tournaments, movies, shuffleboard, putting green, talent shows. Good library. Write for more package information. GARDENSIDE LODGE, Fairlee 4, Vermont.

THE FALES. 500 acres. Modern cottages. Excellent food. *Williamstown, Massachusetts.*

FAIR, REMOTE ISLE. Enjoy Monhegan's storied cliffs and gentle slopes. HALCYON offers modestly luxurious lodgings for peaceful relaxation. Halcyon, Monhegan Island, Maine.

LAKE ARROWHEAD, CALIFORNIA. Combine learning with vacation in informal mountain setting, 2 days or 2 weeks. *July 10-15, 1959, Mind and Culture of Asia; August 2-16. The Arts: Past and Present; August 30-September 7. Age of Psychoanalysis.* Lectures, discussions, exhibits, films, musical events, *recreational facilities.* Write University of California Extension, Los Angeles 24, California.

LOVELY TWO-LAKE setting in deep woods for an ideal vacation off highways—perfect swimming and boating, fine food, good music, tennis, other sports, outdoor buffets, cookouts, 1,000 volume library, Game Room, Card Room, etc. Tanglewood, Dance and Jazz Festivals nearby. A place SR readers have been coming back to year after year. *Rustic lodge,* individual cottages, cabins. Details in Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 101, Lee, Mass.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

MUSIC INN is in Lenox, Mass. And it's in. So is Mahalia Jackson and the Music Barn, Rudolph Serkin and Tanglewood. Folders? We'll send all three. Yes.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

SMALL, QUIETLY COMFORTABLE "CAMP"—fast rewarding fishing — many pleasant activities — or none—Real Food. Booklet. Russell's, Brookton, Maine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, Vermont. An ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' amidst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

"EXQUISITE LOAFING," where life begins at 40. The Woodside (S), Pocono Mountains, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

MAINE RESORT CAMP *for all the family.* Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Green Mountains. Charming Alpine inn. 2,100' elevation. Panoramic view. Superb food. Relaxing, friendly, informal. Swimming, hiking, sports. Folder.

CLAREMONT HOTEL, SOUTHWEST HARBOR, Maine. Situated on Mount Desert Island, the island of Acadia National Park. June 24th to September 10th.

MUCH T' DO ABOUT NOTHING. Quiet farm vacation. Two hours NYC. Box J-107.

MOUNTAIN VILLAGE—quiet home. Meals available. Box 184, Stowe, Vermont.

VACATIONS

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, lovely sea view, shore drives. Drive to summer theatres. Rates from $10 with meals. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. *2100 ft. elevation. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve.* Cottages. Meals varied and *best. The Tibbits.*

SPARHAWK HALL, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Walter D. Abbott, owner-manager.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lovers' paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. *Modern conveniences.* Write for booklet.

PEACE PIPE LODGE, on *9-mile Cobbosseecontee* Lake in Central Maine. 1 mile shore frontage. Beautifully wooded grounds. Ideal recreation or rest. Private, modern cottages. Tasty, home-cooked food. From $60 per week. Write or phone William Lawson, Litchfield, Maine, ANdrew 8-4471.

FESTIVAL HOUSE in Lenox, Massachusetts, near Tanglewood. Arts workshop, quartet, folk-dancing, *Lord Burgess, lectures, pool, tennis, ideal vacation.* Write for brochure.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure Available.

LUXURIOUS TIMBER LAKE FRONT ESTATE in the tall pine country of the northern Adirondacks. All sports, including golf. Superb continental cuisine, *personalized dining service. Informal.* Limited to 40 couples. Brochure, information: SEVEN KEYS LODGE, *120 Central Park South, New York 19. Circle* 5-8077. Alice Garlen—Sam Garlen, Directors.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Booklet, Maurice Weare, Manager. WElls (MIdway) 6-5662.

CATHALIA, ELLENVILLE, NEW YORK. *Tennis,* pool, riding, dancing. Broadway shows. American-International cuisine. Superb accommodations. Day Camp. $48 up weekly. Booklet. Phone: 1190. NY Phone REgent 4-3201 (anytime).

CHARMING COUNTRY LIVING. Patio, vistas, near summer theatres, lakes. Bachelor share home 2 hours NYC. Friday-Sunday or week. Box J-170.

TRAVEL

EUROPE IN AUTUMN COLORS. *Join our Festival* Circle sailing Queen Elizabeth August 12 visiting leisurely 14 countries, returning October 13, earlier by air. Music, theatre, folklore. Small group. $1,225. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, Northfield, Minnesota.

IF THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD . . . and much too expensive, try Beekman Tower Hotel, overlooking *United Nations and East River, minutes from mid*town in exclusive Beekman Hill, featuring most marvelous view in all Manhattan, Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge, Elbow Room Bar, Grand Ballroom and other function rooms. Special value in a few single rooms with semi-private bath $5.75. Family rates available. 49th Street and East River, New York 17. Write for folder R.

EUROPE is now possible for elderly or infirm people. Small, exclusive party planned particularly—automobile throughout. Experienced director. Medical care provided. Free brochure. Box H-734 SR.

JOIN BAHAMA CRUISE. 150 foot schooner leaves Miami for Bimini, Berry Islands, Nassau, Andros, Grand Bahamas. All expenses for 10 days $150.00. Capt. Burke, P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami phone FRanklin 1-0893.

EUROPE BY FREIGHTER. *Modern, fast German* freighters with comfortable passenger accommodations available. GLAESSEL SHIPPING CORPORATION, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

BOUND FOR EUROPE? Space available on Italian flag passenger service. Grimaldi Siosa Lines, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC. BOwling Green 9-0962.

EUROPE 1960. Register now for choice passage in inclusive circle tours visiting Oberammergau Passion *Play,* other special events. 40-58 days in Europe, 13-19 countries; $1,095-$1,378. Regular departures *May, June, July, August; sea or air.* DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, Northfield, Minnesota.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—U.S. Weather Bureau.

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—XL • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Which Way is Heaven?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

HOW STORMY WEATHER IS BORN

AFTER several thousands of years of trying to guess how often tomorrow's weather will be the same as the weather today (see SR/Research, Oct. 4, 1958), man at last is beginning to predict the winds and the rains from what he has taught himself about the behavior of Earth's atmosphere. His knowledge is still meager, and his concepts are, therefore, inevitable oversimplifications of the truth. Nevertheless, he has accumulated enough facts to formulate mathematical equations which, when fed into an electronic computing robot, can turn out forecasts at least as accurate as those of skilful weathermen. This, the weathermen themselves are first to recognize, is not nearly accurate enough when it comes to warning people against a sudden wetting. To say in advance how hot a particular day will be has become a relatively simple exercise. The probability of rain on that day is less certain, though still foreseeable within narrow bounds. But no one now pretends to know when it will begin to rain, how hard it will rain, when it will stop raining, or even when the worst of the rain will be past.

Why rain falls when it does is a mystery that may not be wholly penetrated until artificial satellites of Earth succeed in measuring how much energy the Sun pours into the atmosphere and what part of that energy the atmosphere captures and converts into heat. For it is the unequal movement of this heat from the equator to the poles and back again—some of it through the air and some by transfer through the waters of the sea—that expands the air in places while constricting it elsewhere, thus creating differentials in pressure which generate storms.

As people accustom themselves to the reality that peaceful space travel is a distant dream and that extravagant preparations now being made for it are mainly attempts to humanize research on missiles for war, popular opposition to over-aggression will almost certainly divert a greater share of the government's space-committed millions to the one constructive and practical benefit of rocketry that clearly can be realized in the near future—the orbiting weather robot. Scientists of the U. S. Weather Bureau and the Radio Corporation of America are already deep in the designing of TV cameras to photograph Earth's cloud cover in patches 700,000 miles square from a distance of 300 miles up. In a satellite circuiting over the poles, these unwinking eyes would see the weather all over the globe every day. There are later hopes for an orbit 22,000 miles above the planet; it would hold a satellite over one fixed spot on the equator and make possible continuous observation of clouds as they form throughout the Western Hemisphere. In time automatic weather stations (now operating experimentally in this country) will be placed in remote land areas and on the seas, and these will report to satellites passing overhead. Finally, the circling eyes will be equipped with radar lenses to measure rain, count the lightning flashes, and analyze the moisture, carbon dioxide, and ozone in the atmosphere.

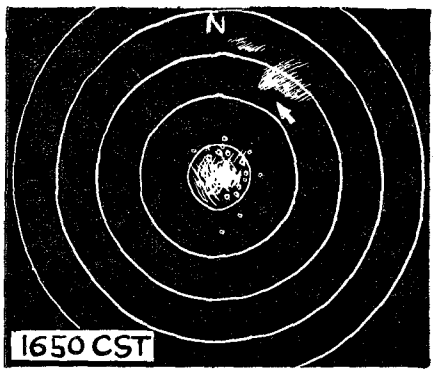
Before the satellites begin to work out ultimate solutions for weather forecasting problems, weather research will move progressively higher into the sky. For some time past the frontier has been in the stratosphere, which scientists originally called by that name because they thought they were dealing with a consistent, predictable layer of air "above the weather." It is now established that the stratosphere is, like the troposphere in which we live, extremely changeable. How unexpected the changes can be was demonstrated during the International Geophysical Year (July 1, 1957-December 31, 1958).

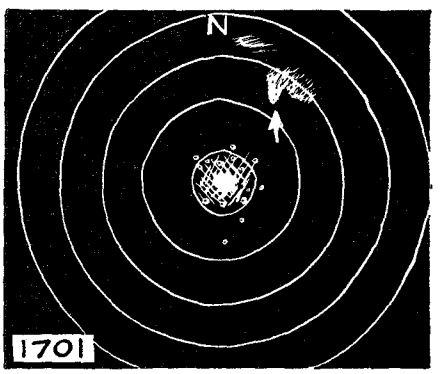
When the Sun comes up in the Antarctic after the long months of winter's night (it was discovered), the wind twelve miles above the ice is blowing from the west. But within a month after the South Polar sunrise, these stratospheric winds turn around and blow from the east.

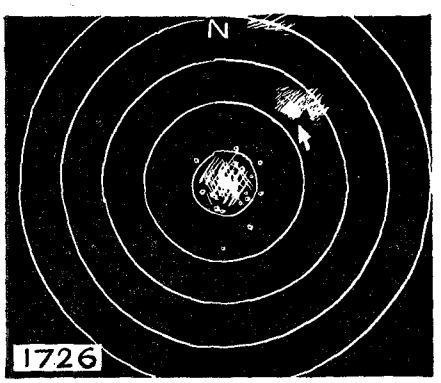
The reversal of the weather engine at the bottom of the world is brought about through capture of solar radiation by ozone, the three-atomed form of oxygen gas. Here is the only known direct effect of the Sun on Earth's atmosphere. Most of the spectrum of the Sun's light comes all the way down to the surface of our planet, and the infra-red rays are then reflected back to heat the air in what science describes as "the greenhouse effect." But invisible light at the extreme ultra violet end of the spectrum is trapped—sponged up, as it were—by ozone on the way down in the atmospheric marvel that protects all Earthly life from being shriveled.

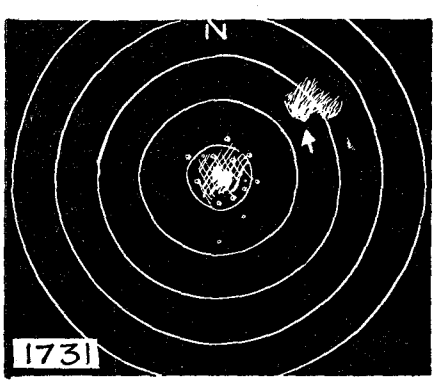
Inside the ozone molecule, which has one more oxygen atom than the gas we breathe, photochemistry converts the ultra-violet light into heat, which brings about the earlier mentioned differences in air pressure. These pressure variations are spread throughout the ozone blanket which

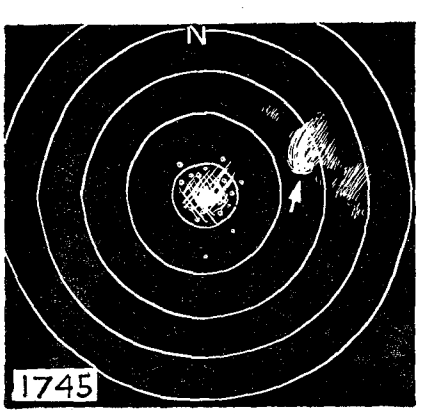
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

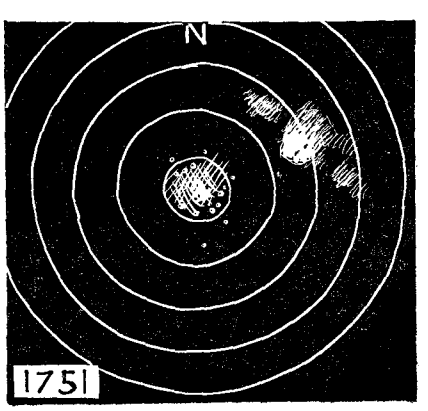












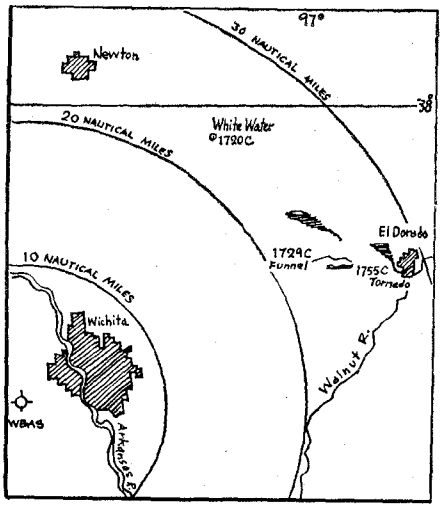
begins about twelve miles up and is approximately ten miles thick. The alternating high and low pressure regions have something to do with driving rivers of wind around the globe at jet speed high in the sky, and the jet streams in turn move the weather below them.

Just how the ozone molecules move downward from the 110,000-foot heights where they are formed by interactions between the sunlight and free oxygen atoms is not yet clearly understood. But a vertical migration does take place, and it continues below the 60,000-foot level (where there are, on the average, 900 ozone molecules to 100,000,000 molecules of air) to close proximity to the Earth's surface (where the density falls to an average of 3 ozone molecules in 100,000,000 molecules of air). The fall-off is fortunate for human life, because this faintly bluish gas (it can also be produced from ordinary oxygen by lightning, and accounts for "the nice clean smell" of the air after a thunderstorm) is capable, even in mild concentrations, of disintegrating rubber. Infinitesimal amounts of it are responsible for tobacco fleck, a spot-rot that ruins the wrapper leaves of fine cigars. The most vicious effects of smog come from Earth-trapped ozone attacking the lining of noses, throats, and lungs.

Through whatever atmospheric mechanism the ozone transport occurs, it is known to be related to the weather in a general fashion. It can be said, for instance, that the concentration of ozone rises as the height of the tropopause (the pulsating corridor of air that divides the stratosphere from the troposphere) falls. It can be said further that a drop in ozone density will be followed by bad weather.

Analytic studies of past rains show that the storms that brought the destructive 1953 floods to England and the Netherlands could have been predicted from ozone fluctuations.

A freak Washington, D. C., snowstorm, that has haunted the recent years of weathermen who didn't expect it, could likewise have been foretold by watchers who knew their business.



—*U.S. Weather Bureau.*

HERE'S KEY TO SKETCHES on this page: Symbol marked WBAS in map above is site of weather radar located immediately southwest of Wichita, Kansas, on June 10, 1958. Geographical region bounded by sketch lies within northeastern quadrant of the circle of the radar scope. At 5.20 p.m., Central Standard Time, that afternoon, a fierce thunderstorm hit the town of White Water, drenching the place with rain. Hailstones three inches in diameter bounced in the streets. Nine minutes later, a tornado funnel was seen dropping down from the clouds; at the point indicated on the map, between White Water and El Dorado, the bottom of the funnel was still half a mile (3,000 feet, approximately) in the air. At 5.55 p.m., the funnel dropped to the ground in the town of El Dorado. Although tornado warnings had been issued, and policemen in the area had joined weathermen in watching the sky, no human eye saw a sign of threat before 5.29 p.m. But the radar observer at WBAS was expecting the tornado for thirty-nine minutes before the funnel appeared—an hour and five minutes before the whirling wind actually struck. At 4.50 p.m., he noticed one edge of the thundercloud beginning to hook into the form of a number six. By following the arrows on the radar scopes from the top to the bottom of the column on the left, and then right across the bottom of the page, you can share the radar-man's prescience.

William B. Moreland, a genial, dark-haired young scientist attached to the U.S. Weather Bureau, now has charge of a network of seven observation posts the Bureau is stringing across the country for the purpose of meas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uring ozone. Five of these stations are already operating on an experimental footing: at Caribou, Maine; Green Bay, Wisconsin; Bismarck, North Dakota; Washington, D. C. (being moved to Silver Hill, Maryland), and on the top of Mauna Loa on the island of Hawaii. Two others are being added at Nashville, Tennessee, and Fort Worth, Texas. The temporary facilities in Antarctica where the stratospheric wind reversal was recorded may also be made permanent in recognition of the global influence of polar phenomena.

Even while the search for understanding of atmospheric dynamics is proceeding upward and outward toward the Sun, weathermen are also looking the other way and taking continuous movies of what happens between the stratosphere and the Earth. These are radar pictures of the lowermost 50,000 feet of the sky. One of the events they expose, without yet fully explaining it, is reproduced on the opposite page. The L-shaped series of targets in black trace the course of conception of a tornado. The white images are the illuminated areas of a radarscope. They reveal a thundercloud in labor for the last half hour before the tornado was born—three-quarters of an hour before the twisting funnel actually struck the ground.

Unaided human eyes have never witnessed the unfolding of this secret of nature, but radar has been watching it systematically since April 1953, when researchers for the Illinois State Water Survey saw a "mother cloud" push forth a vapory hook twenty minutes before a tornado funnel was identified. According to a report published in the Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society by G. E. Stout and F. A. Huff, the hook quickly turned into a number 6 and then into a closed ring. The 6-shape has since been repeatedly confirmed as "the tornado's number." The time of its appearance in advance of a funnel has varied upward from fifteen minutes. Such a brief period of warning cannot protect property but can save countless lives in "Tornado Alley," the 300-mile-wide corridor between Fort Worth, Texas, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where the storm cellar is a functional unit of home design. A house can be lifted off its foundations and blown away without endangering a family in the refuge below. In the May 20, 1957 visitation of Kansas City, Missouri (when the 6-shape appeared on the radar at 6.35 P.M. across the state line near Ottawa, Kansas, and the funnel was sighted at 7.23 near Olathe, still in Kansas), 200 neighbors and passersby who accepted invita-

"No man can improve an original invention..."

—William Blake

William Blake (1757-1827), a versatile genius, was famous for brilliant, sometimes prophetic, insights which he expressed with provocative beauty in drawing, painting, poetry and prose.

THERE are many scientists today who would be disposed to argue this point with Blake.

At Bell Telephone Laboratories, for example, we have seen original inventions improved and re-improved countless times, the better to serve mankind.

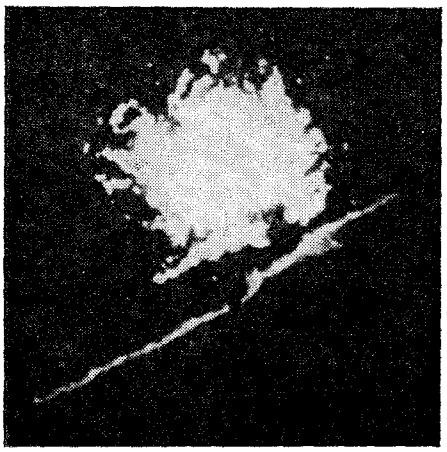
But William Blake went on to say "... nor can an original invention exist without execution organized, delineated and articulated." Here Blake expressed ideas that apply with striking emphasis today. At Bell Laboratories organized effort is constantly aimed at fostering an environment in which inventions can exist and prosper, where they can be expressed either as ideas or in physical form, and where clear understanding of their principles can be achieved.

By helping scientists and engineers to reach for the things they seek, by organizing and coordinating their efforts, Bell Laboratories has made important contributions to the art of communications: proof of the wave nature of the electron, first research in radio astronomy, discovery of the transistor principle, invention of the feedback amplifier. Such ventures into the unknown have twice brought the Nobel Prize to Bell Laboratories scientists, and have helped create the most efficient and versatile telephone system ever known.

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES

WORLD CENTER OF COMMUNICATIONS RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—U.S. Air Force.

IN A CLOUDLESS SKY the weather radar saw the phenomena above. The big white puff was easily recognized as a reflection of objects on the ground. But nothing then visible could account for the two slanting white lines. Later correlations between the radar image and actual meteorological events revealed the lines to be a reflection of an invisible gradient of temperature and humidity in the air. In other words, the wind was shifting. Behind the shift, a new air mass moved in. Radar weathermen now take such "cloudless squall lines" as warnings to tie down grounded light aircraft and to caution pilots aloft to be careful in landing.

tion to the basement of the Ruskin Heights Presbyterian Church as the twister approached were unharmed even though the funnel passed through and wrecked the church above their heads.

The tornado whose life history is portrayed in the preceding pages was observed on the edge of Wichita, Kansas. The illustrations were borrowed from the October 1958 issue of *Monthly Weather Review* with the blessing of the Weather Bureau, the *Review's* publisher. In the text accompanying the original pictures, Alexander Sadowski described what he experienced in operating the radar scope at the airport outside Wichita on the afternoon of June 10, 1958.

"The correct interpretation of radar scope presentations and their use in issuing weather forecasts and warnings require the radar observer to be thoroughly familiar with the concurrent synoptic weather picture," Mr. Sadowski cautioned at the outset of his recollections. In other words, the radar set shouldn't be expected to perform marvels alone.

Being an experienced radar operator, Mr. Sadowski had briefed himself thoroughly before starting his observations that day. He knew that a cold front was moving across the plains of eastern Kansas. Moisture enough for the makings of ugly thunderstorms was in the air. The jet stream was picking up speed over Oklahoma and Kansas—a further sign of atmospheric instability. All of these, Mr. Sadowski noted, were "synoptic clues to a developing severe weather situation; they served to alert the author to the necessity for maintaining a vigilant watch."

The first hint of a possible tornado blipped white in the darkness before his eyes at 3.40 o'clock. It was only a hint—the image of a towering cumulus cloud with a boiling top, etched in light. The cloud moved east for an hour at a speed of 17 knots. At 4.43 P.M., a notch appeared on the far edge of the image. The cloud shifted its movement, toward the southeast; its speed rose to 20 knots. At 4.50, the notch faded. A hook pushed out of the cloud's opposite edge. The swirling movement that shaped the hook was suddenly seen to be traveling at 300 knots.

"While the hook was evident the state police were asked to investigate the storm. . . . Their report was that no tornado or funnel was observed, although it was raining with some hail in the area of the hooked echo. . . .

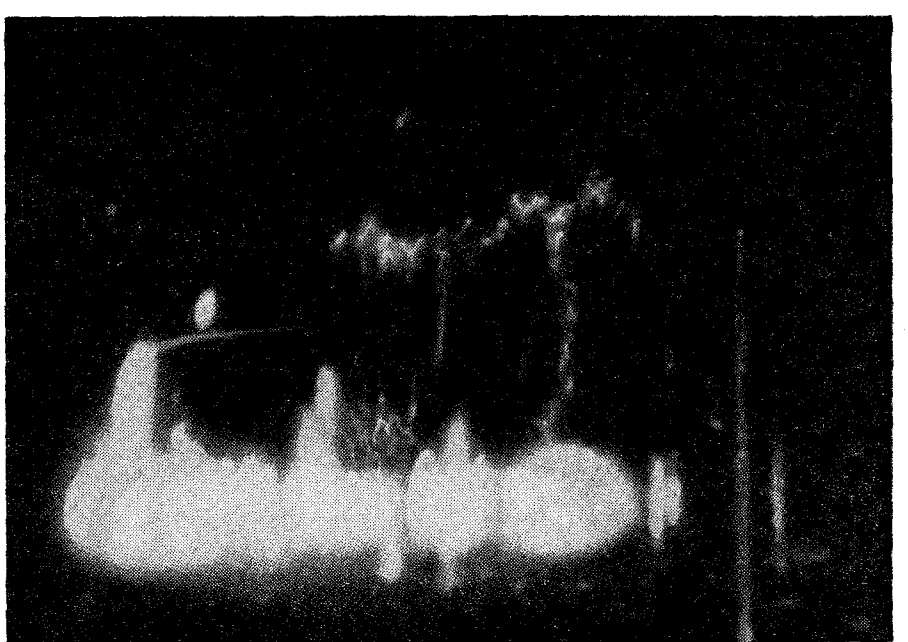
"At 1729 (5.29) CST the sharp-edged protrusion was still plainly visible. At this time eyewitnesses at the El Dorado Interchange on the Kansas Turnpike spotted a funnel-shaped cloud about 3,000 feet up and about seven miles to their west. This position was coincindent with the radar echo. . . .

"The protrusion gradually merged with the main cell and by 1751 (5.51) CST was no longer identifiable. Shortly thereafter, at about 1755 (5.55) CST, the tornado 'pumped' down from the parent cloud on the outskirts of El Dorado. . . . A survivor of the devastated area . . . who had a good view to the west across an open field . . . saw the tornado 'pump.' . . . Each successive 'pumping' action lowered the funnel until it contacted the ground. . . .

"When he saw the funnel touch the ground, the survivor and his family went to the basement of their home, which about two minutes later was destroyed by the tornado. All were safe, as indeed were all the residents of this street; they, too, had gone into the basements and survived the destruction of their homes."

EVERYONE knows how radar locates physically substantial objects flying through the air or floating on the water. It tells their whereabouts by recording echoes from them and measuring the distance in terms of time. The echoes are reflections from material surfaces. But how does radar X-ray clouds, which range from filmy nothings to darkened lacery of ice crystals, snow, and water droplets?

The first book on this emerging scientific discipline has been written by Louis J. Battan and will be published next month by University of Chicago Press under the title, "Radar Meteorology." *SR*'s Science Editor commends it to those who prefer a full technical



—U.S. Air Force.

AN UNSEEN CLOUD WAS FORMING IN THE SKY at the time this image appeared on a weather radar scope. The bold burbles of light across the bottom are reflections of known objects on the ground. The thin white arch across the top is what weathermen call a "mantle," the invisible upper edge of a bubble of warm air. The vertical patches of rainlike white mark the thermal column that is pushing the bubble upward. As the bubble rises, the water vapor in it will condense into a visible cloud. It will be a cumulus cloud. On summer days, cumulus clouds often become cumulo-nimbus, or thunderheads.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—U.S. Air Force.

THE THIN WHITE LINE is pure cold air. It is moving ahead of a cloud front. Human eyes cannot detect it. But the weather radar sees it and knows that a wet spell is on the way. It's the cloud front that tells the difference between this invisible rain-wind and the dry-gust opposite.

understanding; for others, the following simplified explanation will suffice.

Scientifically, what happens first is that an alternating current of electricity is introduced into the wire of a transmitting antenna. The movement of electrons in the wire sets up a magnetic field in the air roundabout. Pushed by the magnetic force in the same way that a pebble dropped in a pond of water sends out circular ripples, the waves of electromagnetism pulse in all directions until the magnetic force behind them is spent. The waves travel through a vacuum at the speed of light, and their pace through ordinary air approximates that of light rays. When the waves encounter electrons in their path through space, they dissipate their strength in swinging the electrons back and forth. As this oscillation continues, the electrons become, in effect, transmitters themselves; they pulse back, at a slight angle to the incoming waves, a series of new waves of exactly the same length as those arriving. By matching the time of return of the new waves against the time when the original waves went out, it is possible to measure the distance between the radar antenna and whatever is responsible for the echoing waves.

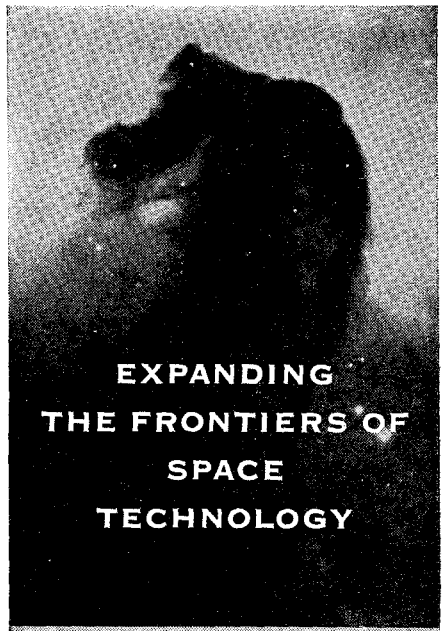
Because electrons are the shells of nucleii of all atoms, almost any presence can serve as a reflector for radar waves. The first reflectors were the Nazi bombers Adolf Hitler dispatched from Germany in his vainglorious attempt to subjugate Great Britain in World War II. In those moments of English triumph, certain types of clouds were found to interfere with clear reception of the radar echoes. Something was attenuating the returning waves. Investigation soon confirmed that the something was raindrops. So it was discovered, by accident, that the electrons in water drops, and even in gas molecules, respond to the radar beam's electromagnetic energy and thus expose their presence.

Planes of many airlines nowadays make regular use of radar to avoid the turbulent air that accompanies rain. The Weather Bureau has been experimenting for a decade with suitable means of employing radar to track storms. Radar installations are now part of weather stations scattered across the country.

Although these instruments were conveniently designed for the ordinary purposes of radar, their use in detecting weather was sufficiently successful by the summer of 1956 that Dr. Francis Reichelderfer, chief of the Weather Bureau, signed a $3,800,000 contract with the Raytheon Manufacturing Company in Waltham, Mass., for thirty-nine radars tailor-made to study weather. The first eight of the thirty-nine have been delivered to the U. S. Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. The thirty-one others will go to Weather Bureau stations across the country between now and May 1960, pioneer among them being the one installed at Miami, Fla., in June 1959 to serve as anchor post in a new 3,000-mile-long "hurricane fence" along the Mexican Gulf and Atlantic coasts from Brownsville, Tex., to Portland, Me.

THE eye of a hurricane (for a glance at one on a radar scope see the masthead photo on page 31) persists for a much longer period than does the funnel of a tornado. But the task of finding and following the two are similar. Both are shrouded by intense rain. Conventional radar waves can easily locate the leading edge of the rain, but tend to be reflected back before they penetrate the clouds. Raytheon has devised exotic electronic circuits to enable the new weather hunters not only to find the rain and measure it but to drive through the rain and focus on hurricane eyes and tornado hooks. Whereas, in seeking out airplane or ship targets, everything is done to intensify the contrast between black and white, the weather radar is designed to discriminate among many different shades of grey. At the point where it seems impossible to distinguish one brightness of light from another, the whole picture can be reversed so that darkness is substituted for light where turbulence within a cloud is worst.

The robot eye surveys as much as 200,000 square miles at one look, and can view the whole storm fronts instantaneously. Yet at any moment in



EXPANDING THE FRONTIERS OF SPACE TECHNOLOGY

Lockheed Missiles and Space Division is engaged in all areas of scientific activity – from concept to operation – in missile and space technology.

Important basic research and development work is being conducted in such fields as advanced systems research; nucleonics; physics; chemistry; mathematics; metallurgy; design; test; electronics; aerothermodynamics; gas dynamics; structures; and astrodynamics.

Headquarters for the Missiles and Space Division are located at Sunnyvale, California, on the San Francisco Peninsula. Research and Development facilities are in the Stanford Industrial Park in Palo Alto, and at Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley. Other facilities are located at Santa Cruz and Santa Maria, California, Cape Canaveral, Florida, Alamogordo, New Mexico, and Hawaii.

Scientists and engineers of outstanding talent and inquiring mind are invited to join us in these interesting and challenging basic research and development programs. Write Research and Development Staff, Dept. G-34, 962 W. El Camino Real, Sunnyvale, California. U.S. citizenship required.

Lockheed

MISSILES AND SPACE DIVISION

Systems Manager for the Navy POLARIS FBM; DISCOVERER SATELLITE; Army KINGFISHER; Air Force Q-5 and X-7

SUNNYVALE, PALO ALTO, VAN NUYS, SANTA CRUZ, SANTA MARIA, CALIFORNIA
CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA
ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEXICO • HAWAII

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Charles Walcott.*

Spider's ear.

"AN OFFICER OF A NAVARRE [FRENCH] regiment was committed to prison. . . . In order to brighten his . . . life [there], he sent for his lute. He was astonished . . . to see that when he played, the spiders would descend from their webs in his cell and form a circle around him in order to listen.

"Having ceased to play . . . he remained perfectly motionless. . . . All the spiders retired quickly to their dens. . . .

"He remained six days without again playing, an abstinence which was caused in part by his astonishment, and perhaps more especially by the natural aversion he had for this kind of 'insects.' However, he began anew to give a concert to these animals, who seemed to come every day in greater numbers, as though they had invited others, so that in the course of time he found a hundred gathered around him."

This account from an anonymous History of Music written in 1715 is quoted in a doctoral thesis Cornell University has received from Charles Walcott, a native of Boston, who says that spiders have their ears in their legs.

As happens to many scientists, Mr. Walcott did not set out to study spiders' ears. His original concern was how the spider spins a web. To better understand the nervous system that controls the spinning, he had isolated a spider leg to record the nervous responses that occurred when he stimulated the outer hairs and claws of the leg.

To his confusion, Mr. Walcott found that he was getting responses when there was no stimulation. They happened when the Cornell library chimes rang, when a dog barked, or when there was the bustle of students in the corridor near his laboratory. The spider, he decided, must be hearing these sounds through its legs. Mr. Walcott determined to discover how.

First, he tried to locate ears by snipping off portions of the leg and then recording the nervous impulses in what remained. When he cut close to the tarsal-metatarsal joint (comparable to the human ankle), the spider lost most of its sense of hearing. Examination of the cuticle of this joint under the electron microscope revealed what seemed to be the main secret of the spider's ear—the lyriform organ (so-called because it resembles a musical lyre) with eight to ten slits spaced an infinitesimal distance apart. The slits ran at an angle of ninety degrees to the long axis of the leg. Attached to the inner membrane of each slit was an irregular sheath. Within the sheath was a filament that transmitted the sound to the spider's nerve cells.

When Mr. Walcott says the spider hears, he means that the spider either picks up vibrations from the web or hears air-borne sound directly just as people do. How it is done Mr. Walcott is not certain. The slits may work in a strictly mechanical lever-and-fulcrum action or they may react to changes in air pressure. In either case, the slits open because the spider bounces as he walks.

The spider can distinguish between the different frequencies of sound waves (within a range of 100 to 5,000 cycles per second). This ability enables the spider to identify and prepare particular treatment for different insects caught in the silky web. When stinging (and loudly buzzing) insects—bees, wasps, hornets—are caught, the spider either ignores them by retiring to a dark corner, or, what is even wiser, sometimes helps them to escape. For the harmless (and lightly buzzing) fly, the spider has no such mercy but quickly surrounds the struggler with a webbed cage. When the spider-eating bat comes along screaming supersonically, the spider knows there is trouble and immediately drops from the web.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

---

time any spot in the panorama can be picked out and magnified on a separate screen for detailed examination. All this is done in execution of the Weather Bureau's responsibility for alerting the populace to unexpected trouble. But preoccupation with it is not allowed to stall further research into atmospheric unknowns. The weather radars have photo-repeaters, whose scopes are photographed by two cameras simultaneously. One lens is open in a continuous time exposure. The emulsion on the film behind it records a steadily deepening impression with continuance of rainfall. The second camera runs on a time-lapse mechanism, snapping a new picture every half minute; when these are projected in rapid succession later, the movement of the storm is reproduced in much the manner that Walt Disney made famous in telescoping photographs of the opening of wild flowers.

Because of its tremendous range and sweep, the weather radar can watch miles of sky over uninhabited mountains, swamps and barren wastelands that are now blind spots on the forecasting maps. It can follow storms across lakes, bays and coastal waters where many weather changes now pass unreported. Awake by night as well as by day, it can fill in between the usual periodic reports, which may come every hour or may be separated by six-hour intervals. In this sense, it represents a meteorological revolution, for the prevailing forecasting practice is to infer general patterns from scattered point measurements of temperature, humidity, air pressure and precipitation.

The present record of rainfall, for instance, is estimated from the water discovered in cylindrical gauges either six or eight inches in diameter. The gauges may be placed ten or fifty or sometimes hundreds of miles apart. During periods of widespread rain, the variability of the rainfall is not very great; but even so-called continuous rain is spiked with heavy downpours. In showery weather, the gauges can be extremely misleading, and in thunderstorms dependence on the point system forecasts can be disastrous. But the radar is changing that pattern too, as weathermen in Oklahoma City saw on May 12, 1957.

Their radar had been keeping watch on rain clouds over a region of Kingfisher County that had no weather reporting stations. Warning of the probable consequences of the rain was flashed to Tulsa, which relayed the news to the town of Coyle, at the far end of the next county on the Cimarron River. During the night, the people of Coyle moved out of the town to higher ground. At daybreak, the water moved in behind them and completely flooded the village.

Once caught sight of, a storm under radar's surveillance is never lost. It is pursued through its whole life cycle, and all the changes in its structure observed. The changes are not always understood, but they are noted, to an uncanny extreme. Because of the electricity associated with the process, clouds can be detected while they are still too unformed to be visible. Bubbles of rising air can be seen—the embryos of storms. Even shifts in the wind can be watched before they are felt (see examples on pages 34 and 35). These are the most fundamental makings of weather. If they can be mastered, another cycle of scientific research will be complete. For radar was discovered in the course of a hunt for thunderstorms.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XL

THUNDER BOLT HUNTER

Sir Robert Watson-Watt, The Inventor of Radar

—*Paul Rockett, Toronto.*

ROBERT WATSON-WATT was the son of a carpenter and joiner, Patrick Watson Watt, whose parents had settled in the small but ancient cathedral city of Brechin, in the county of Angus, a mere fifty miles or so south of the ancestral ground of the Watties and the MacWatties in Scotland.

Robert's trend toward building up a nebulous understanding of what science meant was illustrated by a series of "Essays," doubtfully learned and indubitably long-winded, in English composition in primary and high school. These presented a somewhat uneasy truce between the headmaster's desire to have Robert devote a lifetime to English composition as a journalist and Robert's own gropings toward a science which was scarcely represented outside school in the little city by anything more abstract than the local electricity supply organization. The determination to rise to the dizzy eminence of chief engineer of that enterprise, which served ten thousand people, turned Robert's footsteps southward. Thirty miles from home lay University College, Dundee, the Cinderella of the trio of colleges in that University of St. Andrews which was to celebrate its five-hundredth anniversary during his second year as a student. He was to graduate with special distinction in electrical engineering. No one can have been more surprised than himself when, upon graduation, he was offered appointment as assistant to the professor of natural philosophy.

The assistant to the professor of natural philosophy traveled from Dundee to London to sit the "Intermediate Examination" toward an external degree, in pure science, of London University. This attempt to acquire a more appropriate academic label than his B.Sc. (Eng.) was subject to interference by a declaration of war. Some informal discussion led to advice that he should write to the War Office asking how a natural philosopher and electrical engineer, with no practical experience but with a book knowledge of radio physics, could best serve the war effort.

The year 1914 gave way to 1915, spring became summer, and autumn was almost in the air; Whitehall was still silent. Then came a letter from Dr. William Napier Shaw, director of the Meteorological Office, London, inviting Robert Watson-Watt to join his staff. Hastening to London, the apprentice natural philosopher accepted instant appointment to the staff of the "Branch Meteorological Office" situated at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, the Wright Field of Great Britain. There he took up duty on 2 September 1915, to work on the possibility of giving timely thunderstorm warnings to aviators of the infant Royal Flying Corps—soon to become the Royal Air Force.

This experimental research called for a radio receiving site well removed from industrial radio interference of the kind which is generated in any engineering establishment like the Royal Aircraft Establishment. C. J. P. Cave, a distinguished amateur meteorologist, was in charge of the Branch Meteorological Office. He had borrowed from the Army Radio Station in the great military camp of Aldershot, a mile or so from the RAE, a little hut, in a one-acre enclosure of swampy wasteland, with a sixty-foot timber mast, and with appropriate electricity supply, for the setting up of a receiving station.

* * *

VERY soon I decided that I must "live over the shop." Only thus could I advance the research, by doing a large part of it in the nominal leisure of afternoons, evenings, and weekends when I was partially free of routine weather work. The Meteorological Office built a commodious wooden hut as married quarters, for the Margaret who became Mrs. Watson-Watt in July 1916, and myself.

The thin stream of *isolated crashes*, which were heard in our radio receivers when one thunderstorm was in progress within a few hundred miles of us, could not be regarded as completely predominating over other such noises from other such sources, and possibly from sources other than thunderstorms. Yet there was no existing radio device which could do more for us than to tell us, through the purely subjective judgment of an experienced operator, from what compass bearing the loudest, or the most frequently repeated (or some blend of loudness and number per minute) of a complex stream-in-time of noises of very varied character, appeared to be arriving.

From 1916 the Admiralty allowed the incredibly skilled operators of the chain of radio direction-finding stations which were watching for enemy movements (those of the German Grand Fleet) to keep a watch also on radio atmospherics. They telegraphed to us the directions from which the main stream appeared to be coming. By plotting these directions, we could fix the apparent place of origin of the streams.

On the evening of 15 July 1916, the stations of Aldershot, Lizard, and Roscarbery located thunderstorms in Ireland which were later reported by the local weather watchers to have been severe. A few months later three stations located a thunderstorm (again confirmed by local observers) 1,200 miles from the most distant of the direction-finding station participating. Late in 1917 a storm was located off Sicily, 1,500 miles from the most distant participant.

After the war, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research set up a Radio Research Board to ensure the scientific study of the vagaries of, and the vicissitudes that befell, radio waves in their travel about the world. This new Board formed a Committee on Atmospherics. "My" Aldershot station "M. O. Radio Station" was taken over, lock, stock, barrel, and staff.

The change of management came at the right moment to let me realize my most cherished dream in radio research. The project had that simplicity of principle which marks all good projects. It required only the already familiar directional antennas, and two crossed-loop antennas, one looking north-south, the other east-west. The crossed antennas fed a system of fixed coils feeding into a central search coil. When a signal had been tuned in, the search coil was turned slowly, by hand, until we found the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compass bearing of the source of the sound.

We could not, however, spin a search coil through even half a revolution in the very short time—we did not then know how short—that a single atmospheric lasted. I was determined to get the direction of each single atmospheric that I chose to examine. How?

If I could make, or have made, or find, a vacuum tube of the kind now universally familiar as a TV-viewing tube, my problem would be as good as solved. I would put the tube in place of the search coil. The fine, and sensibly weightless, pencil of slow electrons, which produces a tiny spot of light where it strikes the TV tube face, would draw, on this luminous compass dial, a line reading the actual direction of arrival of the incoming radio waves.

The cathode-ray (TV-type) tube had been first devised by Ferdinand Braun in Germany in 1897. Copies of it were made in England as early as 1902. I had used one in Dundee from about 1911. But it was not till November 1922 that we could get one sensitive enough to meet my demands. On the evening of 16 November in that year I listened to one Mr. O. Webb telling the Institution of Electrical Engineers, in their home next door to the Savoy Hotel, London, about a new Kathode Ray Oscillograph, which his American colleagues had developed. I returned to Aldershot after the meeting, but to broken sleep. Next morning, in the chill gloom of the predawn hours of an English November day, I bicycled from Smallshot Bottom to catch a 7 A.M. train back to London, to beg for the use of the new tube for our instantaneous Cathode-Ray Direction Finder. There were only two of these tubes in the country. I returned triumphantly to Aldershot with one of them.

THIS magic bottle was embodied in a first model of Cathode-Ray Direction Finder (CRDF) in a series of tests in March, April, and May 1923. We showed it to scientific officers from Admiralty in June. The bearing of a thunderstorm in Yorkshire, 250 miles away, was measured. In a later and more exacting test, a CRDF installation near St. Andrews gave an accuracy much better than 1° on the atmospherics radiated by lightning flashes very near Slough. It discriminated, correctly, flashes a few miles east of Slough from those a few miles west. This time the distances involved were over 400 miles.

A year later we moved our Radio Research Station from Aldershot, in Hampshire, to Datchet, in Buckinghamshire. In July 1924 we set up a sister recorder in the Shetland Isles. The Lerwick recorder began its routine watch at 10 A.M. of 12 July 1924. At 2 P.M. of that day Lerwick and Datchet indicated a source of atmospherics to westward of the Western Isles of Scotland. Hour by hour they tracked it; Ross-shire at 6 P.M., May Island in the Firth of Forth 9 P.M., North Sea 5 A.M., Stavanger, Norway, 1 P.M. A thunderstorm broke over Stavanger at that hour. Still the robots watched: Denmark 3 P.M., New Strelitz, Germany, 6 P.M., and the Rumanian coast of the Black Sea 2 A.M. of 14 July. The international weather reports confirmed that we had thus tracked a cold front from beyond the Western Isles to beyond the Iron Gate.

The director of scientific research, Air Ministry, was, naturally, a member of the Radio Research Board, and consequently familiar with the work of the team which it had been my privilege to lead. It was, then, no surprise to me to have from him one day in February 1935 a telephone call inviting me to see him at Air Ministry. He had asked me to come, he said, not in my official capacity but as a personal friend in whose judgment and discretion he had complete confidence. Then he went on to ask what I thought about the prospects for some form of "damaging radiation" in defense against enemy air attack. I replied at once that I thought the prospects were poor indeed for something that I had mentally translated into a "Death Ray."

Back in my office I prepared a formalized problem which I handed, for numerical solution, to a junior scientific officer in whom I had the highest confidence: A. F. Wilkins. We talked it over, and I wrote a memorandum confirming my earlier pessimism that we could not hope that an aircraft would linger so long, in the most intense beam of radio energy we could produce, as to raise the pilot's blood temperature to an artificial fever level, to interfere effectively with the working of the engine, or to weaken the aircraft structure itself.

To aim our hypothetical death ray, we had first to detect and locate the hostile aircraft, and this was the premise of my peroration. Its concluding paragraph said: "Numerical considerations on the method of detection by reflected radio waves will be submitted when required."

With gratifying alacrity it was made clear that numerical considerations were urgently desired. So I posed another examination question to Wilkins: "Assuming that the wing span of a big bomber can be represented by a simple horizontal wire; (a) What current would be produced in the wire by radio waves of the great intensity we are sure we could play on it, the wave length used being twice the span, this at a distance of some five or ten miles from our radio sender? (b) What will be the intensity of the radio wave that is sent back, to our sending site, by the wire carrying the current calculated in (a)?" Wilkins came back very quickly with his numerical considerations. These were submitted as an enclosure to a letter, dated 12 February 1935, with a memorandum on the "Detection of Aircraft by Radio Methods."

YOU must set up (said the memorandum) in the region through which an enemy must pass to reach us, an invisible curtain of short radio-frequency waves. He cannot prevent some small fraction of this radio energy being reflected back, more or less toward its source, as a radio "echo" from his craft. If we pick up even a minute fraction of this echo, we can make it tell us a lot about him, his distance from us, his compass bearing from us, and his angle of elevation above the horizontal; this last will tell us his flying height. We can, if we wish, make the echo tell us the speed with which he is approaching us. We could, if we took enough trouble, get an idea of his wing span.

I regard this memorandum as marking the birth of radar and as being in fact the invention of radar.

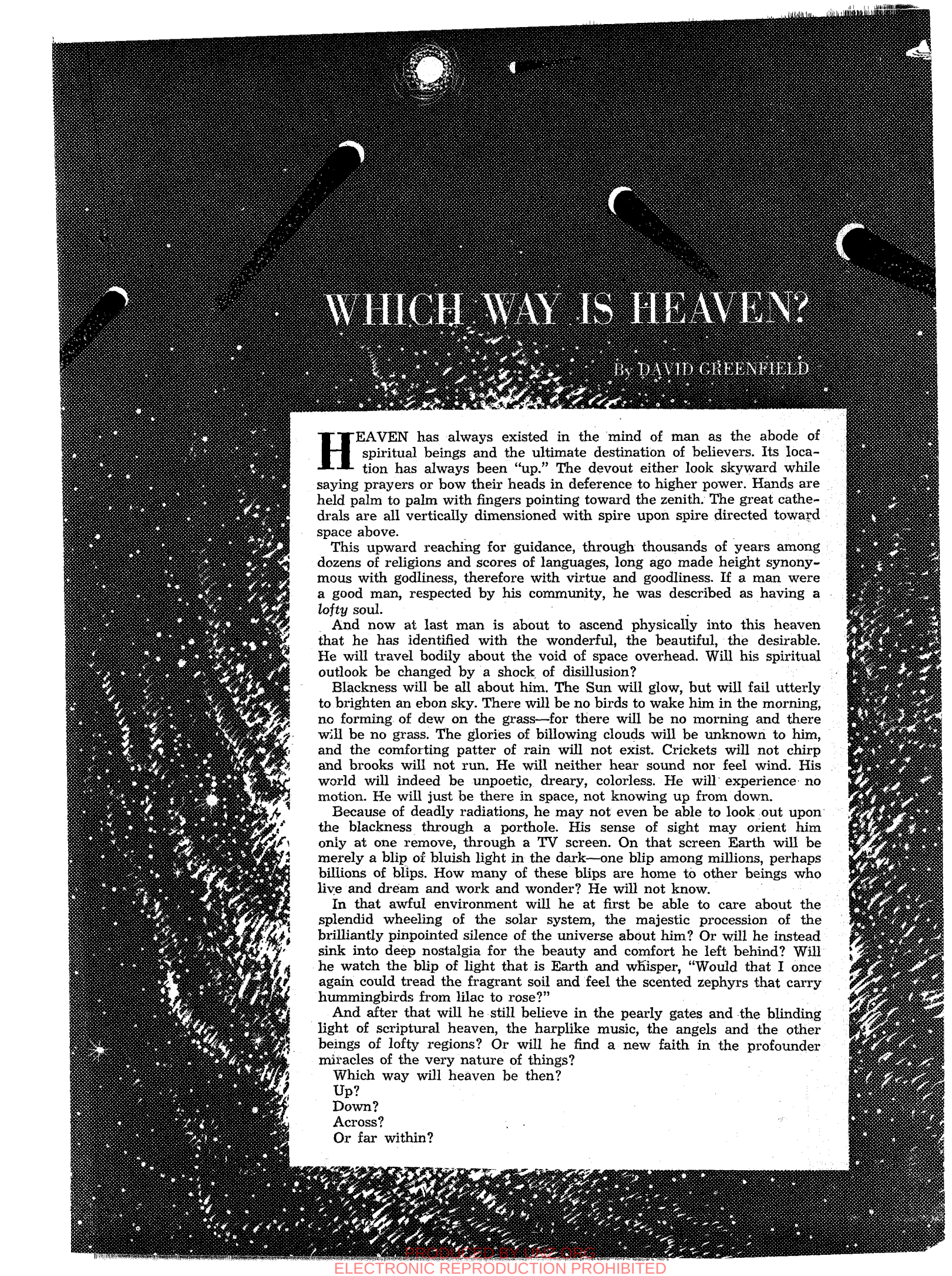
—SIR ROBERT WATSON-WATT.

THE HORSE'S MOUTH

The accompanying self-portrait of Sir Robert Watson-Watt, British inventor of radar, is excerpted and adapted from his autobiography, "The Pulse of Radar," published by Dial Press. In the book, Sir Robert describes his personal self in the following words:

"I am five-foot six, an unlucky thirteen stone, fresh-complexioned, organically sound and functionally fortunate, if fat, after a thirty-year war of resistance to taking exercise. I smile a lot because I feel that way; I talk of serious things, when I must, with a lightheartedness that does not spell levity—at least I hope it does not. A sixth-rate mathematician, a second-rate engineer, a bit of a meteorologist, something of a journalist, a plausible salesman of ideas, interested in politics, liking to believe there is some poetry in my physics, some physics in my politics."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHICH WAY IS HEAVEN?

By DAVID GREENFIELD

HEAVEN has always existed in the mind of man as the abode of spiritual beings and the ultimate destination of believers. Its location has always been "up." The devout either look skyward while saying prayers or bow their heads in deference to higher power. Hands are held palm to palm with fingers pointing toward the zenith. The great cathedrals are all vertically dimensioned with spire upon spire directed toward space above.

This upward reaching for guidance, through thousands of years among dozens of religions and scores of languages, long ago made height synonymous with godliness, therefore with virtue and goodliness. If a man were a good man, respected by his community, he was described as having a *lofty* soul.

And now at last man is about to ascend physically into this heaven that he has identified with the wonderful, the beautiful, the desirable. He will travel bodily about the void of space overhead. Will his spiritual outlook be changed by a shock of disillusion?

Blackness will be all about him. The Sun will glow, but will fail utterly to brighten an ebon sky. There will be no birds to wake him in the morning, no forming of dew on the grass—for there will be no morning and there will be no grass. The glories of billowing clouds will be unknown to him, and the comforting patter of rain will not exist. Crickets will not chirp and brooks will not run. He will neither hear sound nor feel wind. His world will indeed be unpoetic, dreary, colorless. He will experience no motion. He will just be there in space, not knowing up from down.

Because of deadly radiations, he may not even be able to look out upon the blackness through a porthole. His sense of sight may orient him only at one remove, through a TV screen. On that screen Earth will be merely a blip of bluish light in the dark—one blip among millions, perhaps billions of blips. How many of these blips are home to other beings who live and dream and work and wonder? He will not know.

In that awful environment will he at first be able to care about the splendid wheeling of the solar system, the majestic procession of the brilliantly pinpointed silence of the universe about him? Or will he instead sink into deep nostalgia for the beauty and comfort he left behind? Will he watch the blip of light that is Earth and whisper, "Would that I once again could tread the fragrant soil and feel the scented zephyrs that carry hummingbirds from lilac to rose?"

And after that will he still believe in the pearly gates and the blinding light of scriptural heaven, the harplike music, the angels and the other beings of lofty regions? Or will he find a new faith in the profounder miracles of the very nature of things?

Which way will heaven be then?

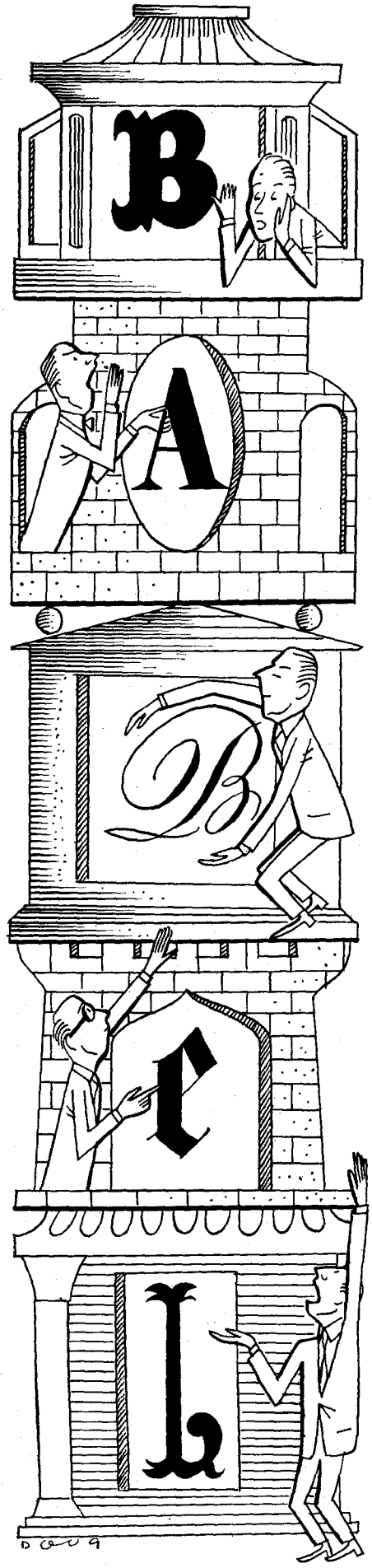
Up?

Down?

Across?

Or far within?

REPRODUCED BY UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SCIENCE IN BOOKS

ISLANDS ON THE STAIRS

The Tenement House of the Mind

INTELLECT has lost the great secret of its power, which was literacy. Nearly everyone can read and write or feels on the verge of doing so; everyone has access to the treasures of the Intellect hoarded in libraries and museums; everyone is urged to pass into the House of Intellect through the pathway of education, which has been smoothed and greased till it resembles the *facilis descensus Averno*. The feeling of mystery and awe having departed from learning, the feeling of resentment redoubles and strikes at anyone who asserts that Intellect retains inherent power, or who is even suspected—from his speech, his bearing, or the look on his face—of harboring such a thought.

The old, fitful, embarrassed anti-intellectualism, though made worse by "equality," is not the true cause of the misery avowed by modern intellectuals; nor are the sporadic manifestations of hostility toward them the most important effect of changed social relations under an industrial democracy. For if naive anti-intellectualism cannot be abolished, it can be fought, and the fight can be invigorating. The truth is that Intellect can be diminished in its own eyes only with its own consent; its troubles become obsessions, its presence a canker, only from within: the real disaster haunting the intellectual today is that the alienation, the disinheriting, the loss of authority have occurred, not between the intellectuals and the rest—the commercial rump—of society, but among the intellectuals themselves and as a result of their own acts. They have abdicated but live on, self-exiled. Hence the mutual recriminations, the contempt for life, and the search for scapegoats. Intellectuals speak of alienation because it suggests a casting out by the people; but the intellectual class of Western civilization had never been close to the untutored mass, and at worst the mass remains as indifferent as before. Intellectuals speak of their lost prestige and authority, but they had rarely been more than servants to those in power. We have only to consult tables of precedence to discover their place in a preindustrial society:

"One hundred and ninety-thirdly [and lastly] Professional Gentlemen, as: solicitors, attorneys, proctors, engineers, architects, medical practitioners, artists, literary men, merchants, master manufacturers, scientific professors, and others not engaged in manual labour, farming of land, or retail trade, are considered to possess some station in society, although the law takes no cognizance of their ranks *inter se*."

Even when the Church supplied Intellect with a house and a prestige of its own, it lived there under the continual threat of the temporal power, which was wielded, inevitably, by illiterates and Philistines. The painful loss newly felt by men of intellect in the last third of the nineteenth century, which artists took up as a theme in the first third of ours, and which promises to remain a lucrative cliche for an indefinite future, is thus no loss of an outward strength once granted as a due: it is an internal loss, the loss of one another and of a common idea. Externally, as I need hardly point out again, the status of the intellectual has risen well above the one-hundred-and-ninety-third place.

Divided against itself, the House of Intellect has lost the sense of being a company apart, associated perhaps fitfully with authority, yet comforted by a freemasonry of manners and speech; envied or scorned from above and below, yet justifying the envy and helped to forget the scorn by qualities and powers it had earned and felt free to enjoy. When literacy drew a dividing line across society, all the initiates found more in common with one another than with any other group. Besides the diverse professional bonds, there existed a more inclusive one based on the two fundamental habits of reading books and being articulate. Priests, poets, scholars could address one another without false pride or false shame. This opportunity for conversation, unspoiled by the need of posturing before other groups, established an intellectual class, or as Coleridge happily named it on the eve of its disappearance—a clerisy.

In nineteenth-century England this class came as near as it has ever come to wielding direct political power, for it subdued to the intellectual life the men who were cabinet ministers, high civil servants, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

editors of large newspapers. Read the diaries and letters of the leading men of Victoria's time and you will find what a varied community of talents flourished, bringing together Tennyson and Tyndall, Huxley and Manning, Bagehot and Clough, Spencer and George Eliot, Gladstone and Jowett, Matthew Arnold and Lady Rothschild. The Victorian Age has rightly been called the Golden Age of Intellect because of this remarkable fusion of interests and powers. Nowadays the amalgam is broken up; the bond between a labor leader and his Ph.D. consultant in economics is not between their intellects, but between the information on tap in the one and the vacuum it is to fill in the other.

For men have come to believe that they can link knowledge and action without a regular gradation of intellects to harbor and diffuse ideas, or a common concern about the welfare of Intellect as an institution. They trust to the exceeding fineness and particularity of the information stored in print and made foolproof by formulas. Yet at the very time when the sum of fact on all subjects begins to seem adequate to the demand, a silent panic overtakes both thinkers and doers: "the problem of communication," or Babel becomes an everyday experience.

That same abundance of information has turned into a barrier between one man and the next. They are mutually incommunicado, because each believes that his subject and his language cannot and should not be understood by the other. This is the vice which we weakly deplore as specialization. It is thought of, once again, as external and compelling, though it comes in fact from within, a tacit denial of Intellect. It is a denial because it rests on the superstition that understanding is identical with professional skill. The universal formula is: "You cannot understand or appreciate my art (science) (trade) unless you yourself practice it."

THIS error is briskly propagated by the schools, in the name of scholarship and with genuflections before the menacing heap of knowledge, of which no man can appropriate more than a little. We forget that every age has carried with it great loads of information, most of it false or tautological, yet deemed indispensable at the time. Of true knowledge at any time, a good part is merely convenient, necessary indeed to the worker, but not to an understanding of his subject: one can judge a building without knowing where to buy the bricks; one can understand a violin sonata without know how to score for the instrument. The work may in fact be better understood *without* a knowledge of the details of its manufacture, for attention to these tends to distract from meaning and effect.

EVEN if one sets apart those arts and sciences that require special preparation, there remains a large field to which Intellect has access in its own right. With a cautious confidence and sufficient intellectual training, it is possible to master the literature of a subject and gain a proper understanding of it: specifically, an understanding of the accepted truths, the disputed problems, the rival schools, and the methods now in favor. This will not enable one to add to what is known, but it will give possession of *all that the discipline has to offer the world.* The professional's fallacy, in short, is to make no distinction between knowing the subject and knowing the craft. To be ignorant of what is ancillary, of the scaffolding knowledge of an art or profession, is certainly the mark of the "outsider," but by cherishing the doctrine of inside and outside we have split the clerisy without noticeably improving the arts.

Still worse, this illusion about the extent of knowledge and this vainglory about professionalism have destroyed the intellectual audience. Though millions have literacy and hundreds of thousands have "education," plus the rudiments of a profession, it becomes harder and harder to find the few tens of thousands who are willing, let alone eager, to attend to intellectual matters.

These ways of denying Intellect give us a foretaste of the utter defeatism which governs the molders of opinion. Their motive resembles modesty; they profess wide ignorance around their island of knowledge; actually, this hides a desire for distinction. The man who denies that his subject has principles communicable to any receptive intellect, and who says "Hands Off! Unless you belong to my profession or will join it, you are nothing to me," is convinced that the world is divided into the many who know nothing about his specialty and the happy few who know everything. To keep the strain pure, these last require of the newcomer a total allegiance. It thus comes about that the majority of workers in the arts and sciences act like jealous technicians with a strong anti-intellectual bias. It is as if the guild spirit, which is the spirit of trade, had infected the declared enemies of commercialism.

—JACQUES BARZUN,
in "The House of Intellect,"
Copyright © 1959 by
Jacques Barzun, (Harpers, $5).

a new symbol for a new era of technology

Space Technology Laboratories' new corporate symbol represents a bright history in a stimulating age.

Since 1954, STL has provided the over-all systems engineering and technical direction for the Air Force Ballistic Missile Program, and conducts advanced space probe experiments for the Air Force at the direction of such agencies as NASA and ARPA.

Scientists and engineers with capabilities in these fields are invited to inquire regarding staff positions.

Space Technology Laboratories, Inc.
P.O. Box 95004
Los Angeles 45, California

PHOTO-GRAPHY IN THE FINE ARTS

Sponsored by Saturday Review

EXHIBITION

of
Great
Contemporary
Photographs
AT
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
Fifth Ave. & 82nd St., New York
Admission Free
MAY 8-SEPTEMBER 7
Weekdays—10 to 5 p.m.
Sundays & Holidays—1 to 5 p.m.
(Except Mondays)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—U. of Maryland.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *From the familiar world of matter to the mysterious realm of anti-matter. What is anti-matter? No one knows enough about it to say very clearly. Apparently it is able to annihilate any matter it meets. And where is anti-matter to be found? Infinitesimal bits of it have been made by a powerful atom-smasher at Berkeley, Calif., in two different forms: anti-protons that can destroy protons, and anti-neutrinos that can destroy neutrinos. The positron, a positively charged particle that can destroy negatively charged electrons, is a third form; traces of it were seen in cosmic ray research a generation ago. But if this strange stuff ever existed in the elements natural to our planet, it has disappeared. Searches for it outside Earth's atmosphere have been proposed to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.*

By JOHN S. TOLL
(University of Maryland)

THE energy of the stars comes from a form of nuclear power. This energy is produced, not by blowing apart the heavy elements as in fission, but by fusion of light elements. Thus, the burning of the stars in the universe is mainly the joining together of hydrogen nuclei to form helium nuclei, a reaction in which a great deal of energy is released. The practical terrestrial utilization of this fusion process has not yet been achieved, but research is being vigorously pursued in the United States, in England, and in Russia.

If hydrogen can be made to react so spectacularly inside the Sun, why doesn't the same reaction occur inside a tank of hydrogen stored on the Earth? The hydrogen nuclei must be near each other to react and they are normally kept apart by the mutual repulsion of their positive electrical charges. In order to overcome this electrical repulsion, the nuclei must approach each other at high speed. In the laboratory, it is easy to accelerate hydrogen nuclei with electrical fields, as in a cyclotron, but this method does not accelerate enough nuclei. For large-scale energy release, it will probably be necessary to heat the gas to a very high temperature, where the thermal motions of the individual nuclei will be sufficiently fast to cause the reactions to occur. This is what occurs inside a star such as the Sun, but the mass of a star is necessary in order to produce the high temperatures and pressures necessary for rapid fusion reactions on a large scale, unless clever alternatives are found.

In the laboratory, at the temperatures necessary, containers made of any known material would immediately vaporize. The most promising approach at the present time is to contain the reacting gas by a magnetic field. Unfortunately, this arrangement is unstable under most circumstances and the principal problem has been to find methods of stabilizing the ionized gas and the passage of electrical currents through it. Probably at least a decade must pass before thermonuclear power will be practical.

The fuel for practical fusion processes will be heavy hydrogen, readily available from sea water in amounts far beyond any conceivable requirements for millennia ahead. The production of power then would no longer be a critical problem and effort could be transferred to the distribution and utilization of this energy. This power could be used in radical methods of efficient food production, perhaps using algae or chemical synthesis, which would support a great increase in the world's population. The plentitude of power would also permit new methods of mining so as to penetrate hundreds of miles into the earth, thus greatly increasing the supply of rare minerals for the needs of our technology. It seems to me reasonable to hope that, with the advent of thermonuclear power, most of the world's industrial and food needs can be met for centuries to come.

In the fission of heavy elements (uranium, plutonium, thorium), less than one thousandth of the energy in the nuclear mass was released. In the fusion process in stars, a slightly greater proportion of the nuclear energy is obtained: but it is still less than one per cent of the total energy content of the reacting atoms. Can we release the rest of the nuclear energy? Is there any fuel which can release all of the energy contained in the nuclear mass? The answer is "yes."

Ordinary matter is composed of negatively-charged electrons which revolve around the positively-charged nuclei. However, physicists have long predicted that there could exist a substance called "anti-matter," where the nuclei have negative charges. The first nucleus of this kind was discovered in 1955 at the University of California when the first accelerator powerful enough to produce these nuclei was put to work on this problem. As predicted, these negatively-charged nuclei were found to interact with ordinary matter so that the negative and positive nuclei annihilate each other, with complete conversion of the mass energy into energy of motion. While some of this energy inevitably is released into useless neutrinos, more than two-thirds of the energy of such annihilation processes is given to fragments which eventually convert their energy into heat and could, thus, be used as a source of useful power.

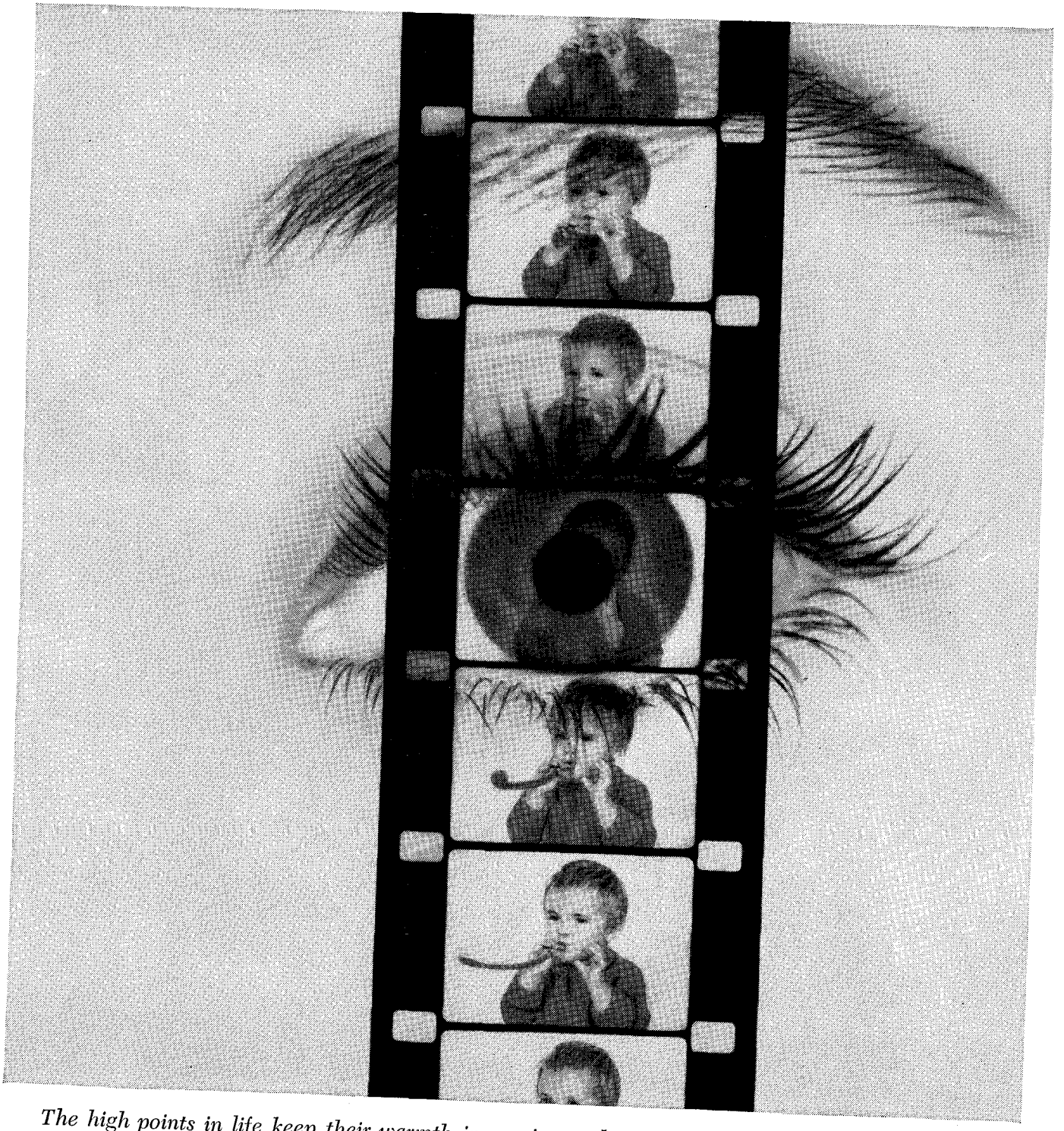
These negatively-charged nuclei, or "anti-matter," offer the ultimate in nuclear fuels and we can expect that eventually anti-matter will be used in all applications where the weight of the fuel is the paramount consideration. It seems likely that eventually interplanetary travel will utilize as a fuel a material such as "anti-iron." There are many probems to be solved before this happens. The storage of the fuel is not an insurmountable problem, for we could form a magnet of anti-matter and suspend this magnet in a vacuum by means of magnetic forces. Magnetic "tongs" could be designed to remove the fuel from the vacuum and place it when needed in a reaction chamber. The major problem would be to learn how to produce anti-matter in appreciable amounts. At the present rates of production (which are not capable of producing power anyhow), these nuclei cost over one trillion dollars per ounce! The economic production of appreciable amounts of anti-matter will probably require many years of technological progress. But there is an intriguing alternative. There may exist other galaxies in the universe which are predominantly composed of anti-matter, which could be transported by intergalactic expeditions to supply fuel needs of future generations.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Oil helps preserve today for tomorrow

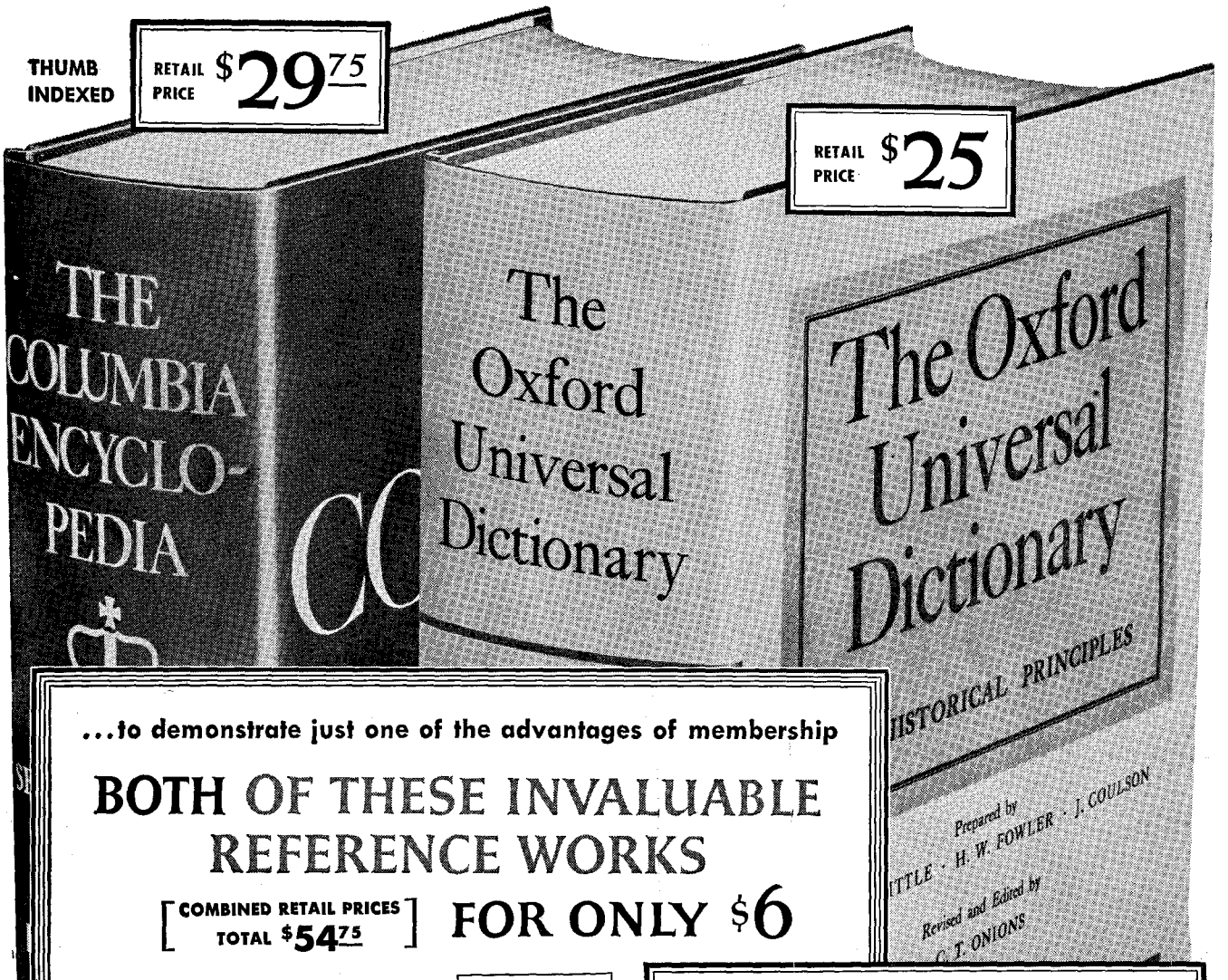


The high points in life keep their warmth in movies made at home. Baby's first bath... first step... first birthday party – and all the other firsts to come. They're captured for keeping on safety film made with an oil-based chemical. Esso Research helped provide the process for making this important chemical directly from oil. In film, as in fuel, **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil.*

Esso

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INTRODUCTORY OFFER FROM THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB



...to demonstrate just one of the advantages of membership

BOTH OF THESE INVALUABLE REFERENCE WORKS

[COMBINED RETAIL PRICES TOTAL $54.75] **FOR ONLY $6**

if you join now and agree to buy SIX BOOKS from the Club during the next year from over 200 that will be made available

GOOD SENSE: A TRIAL MEMBERSHIP

THE purpose of this extraordinary offer is to demonstrate in a dramatic way the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price—**simply by buying books they would buy anyway.** The offer outlined here really represents "advanced" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the books you engage to buy later.

✶ **Both reference works** will be sent with the first book you purchase under the simple conditions set forth above. (See coupon for books to begin with.) The five additional books you agree to buy can be chosen from at least 200 Selections and Alternates to be made available during the next year.

✶ **They can be books you would buy anyway,** yet you will pay —on the average—20% less for them than otherwise.

✶ **After your sixth purchase**—if you continue—with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend, averaging around $6 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $220,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) were earned and received by Club members as Book-Dividends.

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

- ☐ **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO** by Boris Pasternak *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **THE UGLY AMERICAN** by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick *$3.95*
- ☐ **ENDURANCE: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage** by Alfred Lansing *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **ONLY IN AMERICA** by Harry Golden *$4.00*
- ☐ **AKU-AKU** by Thor Heyerdahl *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **ANATOMY OF A MURDER** by Robert Traver *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY** by John Kenneth Galbraith *$5.00*
- ☐ **THE KING MUST DIE** by Mary Renault *Price (to members only) $3.95*

DOUBLE SELECTION

- ☐ **ELIZABETH THE GREAT** by Elizabeth Jenkins **and THE GOLD OF TROY** by Robert Payne *Combined price (to members only) $4.95*

- ☐ **MOUNTOLIVE** by Lawrence Durrell *$3.95*
- ☐ **THE ODYSSEY: A Modern Sequel** by Nikos Kazantzakis *Price (to members only) $6.95*
- ☐ **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN** Edited by Charles Neider *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL** by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *Price (to members only) $4.75*
- ☐ **THE MOST OF S. J. PERELMAN** by S. J. Perelman *Price (to members only) $4.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. A257
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send *The Columbia Encyclopedia* and *The Oxford Universal Dictionary*, billing me $6.00 (plus postage), with the purchase of my first selection, checked above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single* book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Books for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED